

# NEW YORK Saturday Evening Post

## A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 373

### A LOVER'S DREAM COME TRUE

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The roses are blowing to-day in the sun,  
Red as a summer's rose can be;  
The blossom-time of the rose is done,  
But a sweeter rose is a-bloom for me.

The rose of your cheek, that is red and sweet;  
Oh, my one, sweet love, but your face is fair!  
The daisies laugh when they hear your feet,  
And see the gold of your sunny hair.

The violets blow in the sun and rain.  
Shy little things, but so wondrous sweet,  
That we long for the violet-time again  
When we know they are dreaming under our feet.

But the sweetest of violets blossom for me  
Under the fringe of your drooping lid,  
As down in a shadow we often see  
The blue of a violet-bloom, half-blid.

There never has been a face so fair,  
I think, as the face I see to-day;  
Such wonderful glory of golden hair,  
Caught from the summers gone away.

Such lip is rich crimson; such tender smiles  
The charm my heart till it quite forgets  
The world about me, and all beguiles  
My thoughts away from all vain regrets.

These little things that I have—  
Have power to quiet the pulse of pain,  
And their tender touch is like Lotus wine  
While mine the hands that I love remain.

Oh, my little darling, I dreamed last night,  
When the nightingale sung in the falling dew,  
That I kissed an angel, all in white.  
I kiss you, love, and the dream comes true!

### Sowing the Wind; OR, THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE  
HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

#### THE ORDEAL OF EYES.

WESTWORD was in a pleasant state of waiting expectation and welcome for the coming among its family circle of the supposed Iva Ithamar and Jocelyne, with a thoughtful refinement of feeling, had decorated the rooms assigned to Iva with flowers and vines rifled from the conservatory, making a very bower of beauty of the elegant little sitting-room, the large bedroom, and the cosy dressing-room, with its bath adjoining.

It certainly was the essence of loving, home-like welcome, and Mr. Ithamar watched the girl's proceedings with keen admiring interest, accompanied, with great throbs of pain, how she was fitted to herself beautify a home—how she glorified his, and how soon she would take her royal, dainty grace to another man's home—Kenneth Richmond's, in all human probability.

Jocelyne paused a moment in her interested task of arranging stemless flowers in a broad, shallow silver basin, and looked around at him, as he stood, leaning against the piano, in the little parlor of Miss Ithamar's suite.

"Do you like it, Guardy? Is the effect good?"

She meant the exquisite contrast of vivid green leaves and white tuberoses, and crimson petal fuchsias. He looked at her lovely face, as fair as an unsmiled snow-drift, her dusky hair brushed in loose waves off her low forehead, her joyous dancing eyes of deepest, tenderest beam, and he answered that the effect was good, with a smile on his own hand some fact at her girlish innocence and ignorance. She was off with a smile with a drift, and daintily touching, in a light, joyous vein.

"I do hope Miss Ithamar will feel we are so glad she is coming. It seems a little odd that she did not wish you to meet her in New York, doesn't it? Oh, Guardy, what a lovely tuberose!"

Mr. Ithamar answered, with a glance at his watch:

"Hardly odd, Jocelyne, when you take into consideration the remainder of the long, weary voyage unaccompanied by any one. It is time the carriage was back now; the train was in fifteen minutes ago."

He left his post at the piano, and went down stairs, not thinking so much of any special satisfaction he expected to derive from the coming of the stranger relative, as of the consciousness that he had faithfully performed his duty in making himself the friend and protector of the orphan girl, and of what Jocelyne had said in her speech of earnestness and showed so plainly her heart was guiltless of any thing like love for him—of what Jocelyne had said—that he should fall in love with and marry his cousin Iva. And the keen, poignant pain and repressed endurance that was always with him deepened their pangs, as a vision of Jocelyne's beauty and winsome grace passed before him.

The sound of carriage wheels rolling rapidly up the wide drive dissipated the thoughts whose frequency and strength were so pitifully agonizing, and with the chivalrous gallantry and courtesy that made Mr. Ithamar a king among men, he went out on the veranda, and waited, bade-headed, to welcome to her new home the stranger-guest.

He saw the footman assist her down—a faultlessly-attired lady, with a graceful, easy mien, who took an eager survey of him and the surroundings about him, and then smile beneath her double gray veil—a smile he nor no one saw.

It was Rose St. Felix, come to the first crisis of this new life, and although her heart had been almost standing still as the carriage drove rapidly from the Westword station, yet now she arose equal to the emergency of this new, strange position.

She recognized Mr. Ithamar at once, from the photograph of him, and extended her hand as he went up to her.

"Cousin Florian!"

Mr. Ithamar grasped her warmly by the hand—so dainty, so small, so perfectly gloved—and drew her arm through his.

"My dear Iva, welcome home! Welcome to



"It is what I enjoy, what I desire, this fair heritage that Iva Ithamar has lost, and what I will gain!"

Westword! I am glad to see you; so glad and fully to congratulate you on your frightfully narrow escape, and safe arrival. Come in, Jocelyne, Miss Merle, my ward, is waiting to welcome you.

He led her gently along over the marble-floor ed veranda, through the magnificent hall, and into the little morning room, where Jocelyne had stationed herself.

She came promptly forward as the two entered, and went up to Rose with a warm welcome in eyes and manner.

"My dear Miss Ithamar, I am so glad to see you. May I not kiss you?"

Rose threw back her wall, disclosing her pale, sweet face, from which the dark eyes gleamed like stars. She drew it back with a firm hand, and smiled as she bent her lovely head to meet Jocelyne's kiss.

"You are so good, so kind. But from the very first, I want to be simply 'Iva' to you, dear Jocelyne. We are to be sisters, are we not? If you only knew what great rest and happiness it is to be among those who care for me again!"

"We do care for you, Iva, my dear, and Jocelyne shall be your sister. We will make you very well content to have left your adopted home, and returned to the land of your birth."

Mr. Ithamar said his words very tenderly, and Jocelyne laughingly took possession of her arm.

"This will never do, Miss—I mean Iva. You must come up stairs to your room, and rest, so you can dress for dinner at seven. We will have lunch in your parlor, and you can have all day to lounge in. Guardy, dear, you have seen Iva's baggage haven't you?"

She led the way from the room up the grand staircase where the velvet carpet was deep and soft as woodland moss, past matches in the free cood walls, where statuary and green-gold braziers, worth a king's ransom, stood in grand relief; through the long, wide corridor, hung with pictures between the doors, and into the suite of rooms that had been prepared for her benefit—hers, this fraud, this pretender, this woman who in fleeing from one woe would encounter a worse one.

Jocelyne was so charming in her little attentions, her sweet, dainty hospitality.

"This is such a pleasant room, Iva; it has the sun in the morning, and is cheerful all day long. I do hope you will like it and enjoy many happy hours in it with your music, and birds, and the flowers, and your books."

"It is lovely, Jocelyne, lovely; I know I have you to thank for it. I do thank you; oh, more than I can tell!"

Her eyes glinted with more emotion than the occasion seemed to warrant, but Jocelyne simply decided she was tired and nervous with her long, exciting journey.

"Let me take off your hat, Iva. You look fatigued. Do you know—" and she removed the little black felt traveling hat as she spoke, smilingly—"do you know you are not at all the sort of person I imagined you were?"

Rose's heart fairly leaped to her throat, but she controlled her voice admirably.

"Am I not? You expected to see a fresh, blooming girl perhaps, instead of such a pale, worn-bone creature as I! Jocelyne, when you remember poor papa is dead, and the long, dangerous journey, and the—awful accident."

Jocelyne's sympathetic face clouded, and she answered softly:

"It has all been terrible for you, poor dear. Yes, I don't wonder that you look pale and worn; but, Iva, what I really meant was, I am surprised to find you so beautiful—for you are beautiful. I have always imagined Iva Ithamar rather insignificant, characterless sort of girl—you're not angry, are you?"

Rose smiled softly.

"Oh, no! Indeed, you quite compliment me when I say I am home last?"

She put the apparently unimportant question with an inward eagerness Jocelyne little imagined as she answered, with an honesty that was like swords' edges to the anxious woman:

Jocelyne played on the grand piano, and which she had not been permitted by Rose to leave when Mr. Ithamar entered.

"You improve every day, I think, Jocelyne. I wish you would sing for Iva and I—that little German ballad 'The Floweret,'"

Jocelyne laughed and vacated the stool.

"No, thank you, Guardy! You surely forget what a contrast I would make to Iva's singing—she has—forget what a magnificent voice she has—at least according to letters from her papa?"

She turned her face toward Rose, and Mr. Ithamar instantly went toward her.

"I beg your pardon, but it had escaped me that your father had so often spoken of the magnificent promise of your voice. I am very anxious to hear it—indeed I remember being charmed by it when you were but a mere child. I am more than anxious to hear you again."

A sense of confusion seized Rose, a sense of peril and disgrace that she could not understand. She had read in Iva Ithamar's letters and copies of letters, and in her diaries, of the wonderfulness of her voice which charmed all who heard it; she remembered how the girl had rejoiced in her splendid talent so genuinely, but if it had entirely escaped her until this moment.

If it had been possible to have evaded the question she would have done so; but it had come upon her so suddenly she was entirely unprepared to parry it, and as hopelessly capable of acquiescing, for she never had sung a note in her life!

Suddenly she raised her eyes to Mr. Ithamar, and it was marvelous how it expressed mournful grief and passionate pain.

"I have never sung a line since papa died—we were so happy together over my music—and it was so different and lonely afterward—and I lost my voice, cousin Florian; I lost my lovely voice—and—"

Jocelyne was all tender, loving sympathy, and pressed Rose's hand kindly. Mr. Ithamar's face expressed his own pity and commiseration.

"Poor child! Never mind, Iva, we will do what we can to restore it—how deeply you must have grieved for my uncle!"

Rose compressed her lips resolutely, as if to restrain emotion that would surge too wildly if allowed the least liberty; and Mr. Ithamar saw the apparent self-control and admired her for it.

"Shall we come and sit near the fire, Guardy?" It always is so cosy beside a grate, and we must make Iva as happy and comfortable as we can."

They drew their low, easy chairs in a little semi-circle before the bright sea-coal fire, and then Rose delighted them with surprised evenness, ever lively, her grandly beautiful voice and figure, her heart throbbling in slow, stifled pulsations. He came up to them with that keen, piercing scrutiny still in his eyes, and a half-puzzled, half-admiring look on his face as he took her hand.

Pardon my seemingly discourteous curiosity, but my first actual sight of you surprises me beyond expression. Can it be possible you are the same Iva Ithamar I remember as so very different? Can it be possible?"

He laid his hand on her arm—so fair, so white and firm, and looked straight in her eyes.

"And Jocelyne Merle stood by, looking on with smiling face, never dreaming of the horrible fear and desperation in Rose St. Felix's heart.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### GOLDEN DREAMS.

CONSCIOUS of the points of actual difference between herself and the girl, Miss Ithamar, it was a terrible ordeal for the woman who stood there, so fair and perfect in seeming, so pale at heart; for with every passing moment of her assumption of the character she was so desperately determined to carry through, she was conscious of a decided drifting from goodness and truth and honesty; for Rose St. Felix, standing between herself and the girl, Miss Ithamar, it was the most deadly, horrible memory of her life. In spite of her defiance, her defiant determination not to fail, a cold, horrible tremor seized her that she could not control, and she averted her eyes in a despair of fear, from Florian Ithamar's face, which to her, was like an appalling horror over her, making her lips turn pallid blue, and her fingers to close over themselves in a spasmodic clutch.

She was charmingly entertaining, well-read, and intelligent in the diffusion of what she knew, and the evening in the drawing-room tended to strengthen the cords of love so ready to be strengthened by Mr. Ithamar and Jocelyne, which should bind Rose to them, even as it strengthened, on Rose St. Felix's side, the determination to never abandon the path she was on.

"It was an inspiration—a glorious fate that pointed out this way in which I am walking—not less than the very kindest suggestion of destiny that induced me to exchange places and identities with that dead girl. She loses nothing—in fact, I shall gain, not only the rest, and relief I deserve, the immunity from misery from her."

Her eyes roved around the magnificent apartment as she gave untrammeled rein to her thoughts, her eyes sparkling with excitement and eagerness, until the blighting memory of the handsome face and tall, graceful figure she had almost met eyes to eyes at the hotel entrance, came like an appalling horror over her, making her lips turn pallid blue, and her fingers to close over themselves in a spasmodic clutch.

Mr. Ithamar was gazing straight ahead into the golden tongues of the fire, an expression of grave care and thoughtfulness on his face; Jocelyne was leaning her dainty head on her hand, and slowly, thoughtfully turning the pages of an illuminated book that lay on a low table of malachite at her elbow. Conversation seemed to flag for a moment, and in that moment Rose St. Felix gave herself up to the flood of thoughts that rushed, a wordless array, through her brain.

"I will not fail him ever again! I am absolutely safe here, under the roof of Westword, as though I were really where he expects I am, in my grave! I will put all that old life forever away, and add to my bold daring in playing for this, all the cunning and ingenuity I possess, and with every moment I feel my power of evil strengthening, and my desire for the right failing! I feel an intense craving for the life before me—the excitement, the danger, the luxury, the position that will be accorded me. As Florian Ithamar's relative, and an heiress in my own right, as the friend and companion of Miss Merle, I am impregnably fortified in my tower of safety and strength. But I wonder what they would think if they once suspected I am an impostor! And yet I believe they would prefer me to the genuine, harmless, characterless girl whom I represent!"

A slow smile gathered on her face—a smile of almost rejoicing in itself to which she had given vent gently with you; you are not a day old in seeing."

They were sitting at the table now, and Jocelyne was doing the honors with her sweet, graceful dignity.

Mr. Ithamar smiled at Rose's speech.

"I am flattered that you remember me at all, Iva."

She was looking at him earnestly, thinking what a glorious heritage of beauty he was, and wondering, with a glance at Jocelyne Merle, whether or not the two were lovers.

The dinner progressed pleasantly, and the trio laughed their low, well-bred laughter, and chatted in low, well-bred tones, and the lights gleamed and the fire sparkled, and the wine glimmered in the tiny glasses, and Rose St. Felix was at her ease, and ate and drank and enchanted the two whom her grace and wit and beauty had so well won.

After dessert, while Ithamar lingered over his walnuts, and solitary small glass of port, the two ladies went to the drawing-room, where

they seemed to lay like silky ebon curves on her ivory cheeks, she looked around her, dwelling on every magnificent detail of the room, whose luxury and elegance were in such perfect uni-

son with her refined tastes; at the well-bred, haughty, gracious presence of Mr. Ithamar and fair Jocelyne Merle, in whose society she was at such perfect ease; at the reflection of herself from a dozen mirrors set in the walls between exquisitely-draped windows—at the reflection of a gloriously-beautiful woman, with marble-pale face as artistic in its outlines as a Greek cameo, with a glory of lustrous golden hair, and eyes full of slumbering fire, now partly veiled by blue-veined, silk-trimmed eyelids, and she smiled again, this smile with a startling increase of wry-necked unscrupulousness, that certainly was determinedly, boldly daring.

"I never expected all this—never dreamed I was coming to such grand luxury, such royal magnificence. I like it—I like it so well; and to retain it all my life I have only to be on my guard, and fear nothing—and, from my careful study of the dead girl's diaries and letters, I am positive I will play my part to the life!"

A servant entered that moment with a card on a silver salver for Mr. Ithamar, and the temporary lapse into quiet was at an end.

"It is your friend Kenneth, Jocelyne. Show Mr. Richmond in, Walt."

And there came just the tiniest show of girlish confusion in Jocelyne's face as Kenneth Richmond came in the room.

#### CHAPTER VI. WHO WAS HE?

MR. KENNETH RICHMOND came forward with the air of a man who feels thoroughly at home and equally assured of a warm welcome.

He shook hands with Jocelyne and Mr. Ithamar, and had found time to cast a glance of admiration on Rose's beautiful face before Mr. Ithamar introduced him.

"Iva, allow me to present Mr. Richmond, a friend of Jocelyne and myself. Kenneth, this is my cousin, Miss Ithamar, whom, with us, you have been anxious to welcome home."

He bowed courteously, and Rose extended her hand in a pretty impulse of friendliness.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Richmond, and I would like to thank you for having been anxious to welcome me."

"I should have been impatient if I had known of what we have been deprived." Mr. Richmond returned, gallantly, and then he took a seat near Jocelyne, just where the ruddy glow of the fire-light fell on him, giving an ample opportunity for the close scrutiny of him in which Rose indulged between pauses in the light, pleasant conversation.

Kenneth Richmond was a tall, gentlemanly man, wearing an habitual air of easy grace and haughty languor that betokened his familiarity with good society. He was not a young man—Rose decided he must be thirty-five, at least—and in reality he was ten years older, but really looked even younger. Rose gave him credit for looks, too. His skin was of clear, pale complexion, almost olive, with which his dark, close-cutting, short-cut hair, his heavy, glossy, drooping mustache of intense blackness, his handsome eyes, soft and velvety in expression, excessively dark, and looking like Italian eyes, gave a harmony that made people pronounce Kenneth Richmond an exceedingly distinguished gentleman, whose handsome personal appearance, added to his winning elegance of manner, rendered him popular and sought after, while it was remarked upon as a little strange that he was still unmarried, when it was so well known that very few ladies would have refused him.

He himself laughed and jested over his celibacy, declaring he had never found any one who would be worthy to be received into his circle of bachelorhood, while, in reality, he had had a dozen loves in his life, and his fickleness in tiring of them was only equaled by his susceptibility in becoming infatuated, while he still was determined that when the one superior chance of his life presented itself, neither the want of susceptibility, if it were wanting when necessary, or the presence of fickleness, if it were present, he would not be slow in accepting it—and it seemed to him, and had for some time seemed to him, that in Jocelyne Merle that long looked-for opportunity had offered itself.

He was an intimate acquaintance of the family at Westword, and yet, Mr. Ithamar hardly felt justified in calling him a warm friend; his intimacy with them had been of too short duration to permit of Mr. Ithamar's warm courtesy to develop into that grand, beautiful—close friendship between man and man.

Six months before, Mr. Kenneth Richmond had come to the vicinity of Westword, with his reputation preceding and accompanying him, although no one knew exactly how, and had established himself most luxuriously in a little nest of a house—"Sunset Hill" it had always been called—a miniature palace so far as costly magnificence and elegant luxury went.

Mr. Richmond kept a full corps of foreign servants, had his horses and his dogs, gave occasional grand dinners, and was fed and courted to his heart's content by the very exclusive society he frequented.

Another little Jocelyne Merle was deeply interested in him—in his handsome face, his elegant manners, his charm of conversation; and away down in her girlish heart was the vague consciousness of a deeper feeling still, that, although scarcely budded as yet, would require only a little time and attention to bloom into the fully-expanded flower of love for him.

Rose St. Felix read it all within an hour after she had seen the actors in this life drama we are chronicling—read the curious complication, wherein Jocelyne Merle was the idol of the two men who watched her sweet, glowing face, and hung on every light word—a gay ripple of laughter joyousness from her lips.

And she saw better than that, Kenneth Richmond was not likely to make the same lifetime with Florian Ithamar; she saw, with that keen intuition of hers, that is so essentially a womanly characteristic, what the girl Jocelyne had not seen, and what Mr. Ithamar had only been vaguely conscious of, without knowing why, or without actually knowing he was so conscious of it—that Kenneth Richmond was not deserving of the confidence of man or woman—that he was a serpent on the earth, a hawk hovering over a dove's nest, ready for the fatal swoop.

She listened to his low, well-bred tones as he conversed so intelligently and fascinatingly; she watched his passionate admiration of Jocelyne; she saw Florian Ithamar's grave, restrained manners, his calm, high-bred face, and the whole secret of the French kiss spread before her as plainly as if a panorama were unrolled.

And the genuine Iva Ithamar had been in love with this cousin of hers—this gentleman who evidently had never given a thought to her of a corresponding nature. Rose knew both facts from her careful study of the diaries and a little smile parted her lips as she thought what a fool a woman was to keep a diary!

She looked still more critically at Mr. Ithamar than she had yet done, taking in between lulls in conversation every detail of the god-like face, the grandness of his proportions, the majesty of his bearing, and she was impressed very strongly, very suddenly, yet almost unconsciously, with her admiration of him.

"He is the handsomest I have ever seen in my life! How foolish, how foolish Jocelyne is that she does not care for him instead of Mr. Richmond!"

The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly, and at eleven o'clock Mr. Richmond took his leave, and the little household separated for the night, Jocelyne kissing Rose affectionately, and Mr. Ithamar bidding them both good-night kindly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

A PARISIAN has invented a method of sending photographs by telegraph. He undertook to send the face of an American lightning rod agent the other day, and it knocked down one hundred and forty-four telegraph poles and tore down seventeen miles of wire before it was on the road the shortest half of a second.

#### HURRAH for the NEXT THAT DIES!

[The following remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed, in the *St. Helena Magazine*, and was afterward copied in the *London Spectator*, and is here given to our readers.] It relates to the early services of English officers in India when the army was mown down by pestilence. When Macaulay's account of the effects of the small-pox in England is remembered—as it describes the separation of mothers, sisters, and brothers, and the death of many of the young with wonderful, however painful, effect the very poetry of military despair, the brothers-in-arms looking death in the face—a death predestined by pestilence—and without any of the glory which a soldier can have in the discharge of his fatigues.

The almost inhuman character of the refrain of each verse is only illustrative of the certainty was determinedly, boldly daring.

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was coming to such grand luxury, such royal magnificence. I like it—I like it so well;

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

"Yes, for your sweet sake, Zuleikah."

There was a sound resembling a kiss, and Paul Malvern hastily left the cabin, to find, upon his arrival on deck, the yacht lying to, and two boats, filled with armed men, alongside.

A moment after Julian Delos joined him, and entering the boats, the order was given in a low tone to give way.

The noise of the barges grated harshly upon the beach, and the two officers sprung ashore, followed by the men.

"Lads, conceal yourselves here. If I need you, I shall call with my whistle," and Julian pointed to a gold whistle on the handle of a dirk in his belt.

Then the two friends set out slowly for the ruin.

It was a long and arduous climb up the steep hillside, for the Cretan would not go up the direct pathway, wishing to approach the ruin from the land side, in case of an ambush awaiting them from any one who had seen their landing.

Around them all was silent—the roar of the surf alone breaking the stillness of the night.

So light were their footfalls, as they went along, that they seemed to glide, rather than walk.

At length they approached the summit of the hill, and before them loomed grandly up the massive ruin, in all its moonlit beauty—every arch, turret and column standing out in bold relief against the silvery sky.

Here they paused to listen; but all was still; a silence like death rested upon the scene.

Nearer and nearer they crept to the crumpling pile, and at length stood in the shadow of the structure, and glanced within the grass-grown court, upon the weed and moss-covered walls.

There was but a dim light within; the moonlight did not penetrate through every archway.

Here they paused, almost speechless, at the entrance of bygone centuries that crowded upon them.

Then, as their eyes peered into the dim obscurity, there suddenly flitted before them a spectral form—a gliding form, clad in snow-white.

Julian Delos started, strained his eyes, and then turned to see if it was a phantom conjured in his own brain by the surroundings. No; Paul Malvern's eyes were staring also at the weird.

"It is a specter—good God!" whispered the Cretan, whose nature was not wholly free from the inbred superstitions of his race.

Paul Malvern's reply was to bound forward, scimitar in hand, wrenching himself loose from the clutch of Julian upon his arm, and unheeding his wildly spoken words.

"Holy Heaven! do not dare!"

A few quick, long leaps carried Paul to the spot where had stood the white-robed being.

But like mist, or a spirit from the land beyond the grave, she had disappeared.

He glanced around him, and,undaunted by her mysterious disappearance, darted into every shadowed nook, every dark crevice; but nowhere was she visible; it had faded like the air.

Surprised, and unable to solve the mystery, Paul at length paused in his search, just as Julian Delos stood by his side.

"Come, you are mine to thus tempt the spirit of this ruin. For years this place has been known to be haunted, and now comes hither. Had I not beheld, with my own sight, the phantom, I would never have believed the word of others.

"It is a warning; death lies before us; yet we must face it."

The Cretan spoke in a low, deep, earnest tone.

Paul felt that his whole nature was inbred with the idea of the supernatural, so he refrained from argument, and said:

"It certainly is mysterious; but let us go through the ruin. Perhaps we may find those who will meet our scimitars with scimitar."

"Yes, we will continue our search. Come."

Again Julian Delos led the way, and the two pressed on through the moonlit ruin—pressed on until the mournful dirge of the ever-restless surf again broke forth from the sea front.

Then the two suddenly halted—almost frozen in their tracks at the sight they beheld.

Half in the shadow of a crumpling archway, half in the streaming moonlight, lay the form of a man at full length.

By his side, her body bent, her head drooped over until the dark waves of her hair fell upon the prostrate form, and marble flooring, knelt a maiden—so overwhelmed with the anguish clutching at her heart that she failed to hear the approach of strangers.

For some moments, and in silence, the two stood regarding her, before any other movement was made.

Yet, in their thoughts, they knew that before them lay him whom they had seen fall before the attack of an enemy; but that enemy was a tall and powerful man—their glasses had plainly revealed this much; who then was this man?

At length, as a shudder shook the fair form, and a low moan broke from the lips, Julian Delos said softly in the language of the Greek:

"Lady!"

With a bound the maiden was upon her feet, her eyes flashing fire, her form drawn to its full height, and her hand upon

pledge myself to solve this mystery for you, and to restore to you the body of him you mourn, if in the power of man.

"But you will pardon me now, and not deem me unfeeling, if I ask you aid in the duty that called me here, and get word to the Cretan forces of our presence here with arms."

Instantly Kaloolah's whole manner changed. She was no longer the sorrowing maiden, but the brave, noble woman, and she replied:

"Give your instructions to me, Signor Delos, and I will see that a faithful messenger bears them this night to General Aztec."

"And, signors, let this mystery remain unsolved to the outer world; it will be better aid our plans, and give us a secure point at which to make landings on the island, for neither Cretan nor Turk will wish to hover about this old ruin."

The two men gazed upon the maiden with surprised admiration; her wonderful metamorphosis astonished and delighted them, and their admiration increased as she continued:

"I will return to my lonely home, and make known to my servants that the body of my mother has been spirited away; this will the further add to the mysterious horror of this place; then I will see that a messenger goes once to General Aztec."

"Lady, you are a noble sly. I trust to you these papers for the Cretan general; yet I have another favor to ask of you, and one which I feel that you will be glad to grant."

"What is it, Signor Delos? I grant it ere I know its purport."

"A thousand thanks. Do you know aught of my history?"

"Yes, much. All true Cretans feel for you and yours. I have long known of you as an exile, as one upon whom the ban of death rested."

"You know, then, that one of my kindred, a fair young maiden, was torn from her home amidst agonies of pain. That, Al Sirat Fasna!"

The star of Kaloolah, the wild flashing of her eyes, attracted the attention of both Julian and Paul, and caused the former to say:

"Have I offended, lady?"

"Oh, no; I am listening. Signor Delos? and the words were strangely cold and stern to issue from lips so sweet."

"My kinswoman was torn from her home, her parents murdered, and her brother either slain or made prisoner, while she, poor girl, was hurried off to Constantinople, where she became the inmate of Al Sirat's harem; but from her cruel captivity, her intended life of misery, she was rescued by my noble friend here—the Signor Malvern."

"Zuleikah, my beautiful cousin, is about your age, and, pardon, lady, as beautiful, if such were possible, and I feel that you will be friends, for to your sweet care I would intrust her."

"Where is she, signor?"

"On board my vessel."

"I will at once seek her, and carry her with me to my home. We can gain entrance without any one seeing us, and her presence I need not explain to my servants. Come, signor, we will seek her at once, and then I must hasten, for the night flies, and your messenger to General Aztec must be off ere long."

In her new role, Kaloolah seemed to no longer dwell upon her own sorrows, and quickly led the way down the steep path that conducted them to the beach below.

Arriving at the shore, the party were soon on board the yacht, which had been moored in close to the cliff, which served as a rocky refuge upon which the cargo could be easily discharged.

Entering the cabin, Kaloolah waited for no introduction, but went up to Zuleikah, and said, frankly:

"Come, you shall be as my sister—we are companions in sorrow together; the signor has told me all."

Zuleikah as frankly returned the greeting, and having prepared for her departure, the party of four left the yacht together, Julian leading the way with Kaloolah, and Paul following with the maiden whose beauty had won his heart.

Telling Lieutenant Stellos to sit at once commanding the steamer, and that he and Paul would soon return, Julian and the three companions set out for the home of Kaloolah.

After a walk of half a mile, the two young men halted, as they came in sight of a substantial country home, built of the dove-colored rock of the island, and embowered in a grove of myrtle and oleander trees.

There was an air of solidity and comfort about the place, with its wheat-fields stretching away to the right, and olive trees and fine old orchards to the left.

Over a rugged hilltop a silvery waterfall gleamed in the moonlight, and the roar of its waters broke pleasantly on the ear.

The house was of rambling structure, with court and turrets, and situated upon the brow of a slope, was sheltered by a high hill in its rear, while from the front a wide view of valley, sown with vineyards, and distant mountains could be observed.

Such was the home of Kaloolah—a home now cast in deepest mourning, and whose chambers would no longer echo to the tread of its master—whose halls had once been lighted up by the presence of the false Alfarida.

"Here we must leave you," and Julian halted in the edge of a grove of olive trees.

Soon Paul and Zuleikah came up, and after a few words of parting, and a promise to meet the following night, the two maidens crept softly toward the house, in a window of which was visible a single light.

Watching them until they disappeared beneath the shadow of the building, Julian and Paul then retraced their way rapidly to the yacht.

It was now within an hour of midnight, and they were anxious to get the stores securely placed in the ruin, so that, when morning broke, if necessary, the Silver Scimitar could put to sea.

They found that Lieutenant Stellos had not been idle, but had strewed the rocky pier with stores of all kinds.

Taking a score of men up the hill with him, Paul soon began to haul up the boxes and bales by means of ropes, and finding a secluded part of the ruin they were quickly secreted there.

Presently the clatter of hoofs broke the stillness, and ordering his men back into the shadow, Paul awaited the coming of the intruder, who ever he might be.

A horseman darted up a moment after, and, somewhat nervously around him.

He was well mounted, slight of form, and dressed in the Grecian costume, while a silk turban sheltered his head.

His face was strangely handsome, almost feminine in its beauty, while a black, silken mustache shaded his lip.

At his side hung a small yataghan, and in his sash were a pair of pistols, gold mounted.

Polished boots covered his feet, the tops coming up to the knee, and gauntlet gloves protecting his hands.

He sat his steed gracefully, and looked like some dandy cavalier.

Presently he drew a dirk from his breast, and, placing the handle to his lips gave a shrill, short call.

Then Paul stepped from the ruin and greeted him. He knew that he was the courier sent by Kaloolah, for Julian had given the maiden his dirk, with its golden whistle in the hilt, to let the messenger have as a means of signaling his arrival.

"The Lady Kaloolah bade me come hither," he said, in a quiet, pleasant voice, as Paul approached him.

"Yes; Captain Delos will soon be here. There he comes now."

As Paul spoke, Julian approached and saluted the horseman, who politely returned it.

Both officers were struck with his youthful, handsome appearance, yet there was a certain look about him that convinced them that he could be trusted.

"You will undertake to bear dispatches for

me to General Aztec—so said the Lady Kaloolah."

"I will, signor."

"Your name, please?"

"Kizil."

"Are you a Cretan, or Greek?"

"I am a Slavok."

"Indeed! Then you come of a fearless race. Your people are brave defenders of Crete."

The horseman bowed, but made no reply.

"It is a dangerous ride before you, and a long one."

"I fear not the danger. I can ride it in three hours."

"Here are the papers. They are addressed to General Aztec. See him in person, and say to him that by break of day I shall have my cargo safely stored in the old ruin; also, that I have two score of volunteers here for him."

The messenger received the papers, bowed farewell, and wheeling his horse shot away, like an arrow, on his perilous mission.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

## The Red Cross:

OR,  
The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE STORY OF A PRINCE.

Kool met his bride's eager gaze with grave composure. Standing at a foot's distance from her, he made no attempt to clasp in marital adoration the small bare hand, decorated with one plain gold band, his marriage ring, which lay so coaxingly upon his sleeve. Cool, as ever, respecting impenetrability as ever, let his dark eyes rest on her without one ray of intelligence during a perfectly unbroken silence, with which he chose to ruminate over her hot inquiry, for full two minutes. Then she reiterated, with added intensity:

"Now, Ludwig, we're married, tell me the secret!"

A faint smile crept about the corners of his mouth, and he drawled, in his usual low, rather muffled tone:

"Let me see; what were the terms of our compact?"

"That you would tell me what was on Griffith's mind if I married you," said she glibly.

"I've married you; now for it."

"All right," returned he languidly, dislodging her hand with a slight movement, and lounging back against the velvet frame, with a mark of frost full upon his face, which he concealed after started to perceive replete with sinister power; a cold, dominating face, narrow, eagle-keen eyes, and a gaze that seemed to scan the human it rested from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, with unerring comprehension. Why had Gaylure never been prudent enough to call forth the reality of this man's expression? Oh, unparalleled folly, to pass with unnoticed indifference the faces of our servants, as if our poor cash could indeed buy flesh-and-blood machines, devoted to our service, and incapable of scheming, feeling, and acting like the rest of us. But hush, the man is speaking in his own slow drawl, with an accent not observably coarser than that of any passably broad gentleman!

"That you would marry me, the Princess; that was my compact; and as you seem to attach more importance to its fulfillment than to the requisitions of propriety, and prefer to let your wedding guests wait upon your curiosity, I shall tell you the secret. My master, as I suspect you already know, is afflicted by a peculiar—"

"Yes, yes; I know all about that," she interrupted eagerly. "He has periodical paroxysms, during which he is possessed by an insane desire to murder, and whatever he does at those times escapes his memory, so that he can't tell where he was or what he did during the three days. I know all that; now what I wish you to tell me is, why has he changed so strangely ever since the time of his malady in August, when he ran away sometimes for several days, even you not knowing where he had gone, and returned like a ghost of himself?"

"May not his unrequited love for Miss Cora account for that?" said Kool, with perfectly expressionless tone and face.

"Certainly not," snapped she, flushing angrily. "You know better than that. I hope you don't intend to play me false!" Her eyes darted suspiciously up to his, and met the cool blank stare of a sheet of steel.

"Beg your pardon; of course I don't mean that," she added rather uneasily, astonished to find her keenness utterly baffled and useless. "But what do you mean?"

"What is it my wife desires to know about the private business of my master?" demanded Kool.

"Why—don't you—of course you know," she cried in high displeasure at the trouble he was making, and what she suspected was a covert hint that she ought to be ashamed of her curiosities. "You seemed to understand what I wanted to know about my poor sister's husband," (blushing in spite of herself under the inflexible gravity with which he received this bit of humbug), "well enough before we were married. How is it that you've got so tremendously dull now?"

And why should you persist in calling him your master? Surely, now that you've married me, it is only due me that you should make use of all the aristocracy and distinction at your command, instead of belittling yourself and me by keeping up a show of humility. It's to be hoped you don't expect to act valet to Thetford any longer. If you remember, I married him to save him from his malady."

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"May not his unrequited love for Miss



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Elsewhere is an item concerning one of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' books, in BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS SERIES.

"Myra" is no better than the majority of these novels it ought to teach the editor who flings flippant paragraphs at "Dime Novels" not to make a fool of himself, but it is so hard to teach Verdant Green the impropriety of writing of books of whose real character he is wholly ignorant.

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### Sunshine Papers.

### A Man May Smile, and Smile—

AND be a villain." Very true. And it never was truer in Denmark than it is in any other portion of this mundane sphere. It is the same all over the world; smiles are but too often the gilding that hides dark thoughts and evil purposes. A man may smile like an angel and yet have the heart of a fiend. He may possess the manners of a courtier and be a professional blackleg. He may speak in the softest tones and use the gentlest words and develop the cruelty of a Nero. Soft tones, and angelic speech, and courtly manners, and angelic smiles are not a correct index of character. You must look behind these, for principles and deeds.

Not that we would lower the standard of worth by which these pleasant tricks of personnel should be estimated. Pleasant address, charming manners, sweet smiles are wonderfully fascinating. Even a scoundrel, if we are forced to come in contact with him, is more agreeable to meet if his manners be polished than if he be a common scamp, and I'm not sure but that a burglar in the house, who would greet one with courtly manners, would seem less repulsive and criminal than man of rough speech. And in as far as smiles soften the asperities of life let them not be bestowed charily; but because of the very power they possess of biasing the judgment let us beware how we put trust in them. Yes, smiles and

smiles may yet not hide the villain. Let not the man who studies the modulations of his tones, and knows how to thrill beholders with his glance, and practices his smiles before his mirror, lay to his soul the flatteringunction that he shall by these wiles escape detection to his real self. The mask will surely drop some day; his smiles cannot save him from merited contempt and just punishment.

Maidens, you who are easily lured by flattery words and gentle looks, seek for surer

proof of the manly soul than is found in such pretty gloss of manner. Think well before you treat some honest, worthy man with cool contempt, to cast your heart at the shrine of him whose tailor's skill, and dancing-master's teachings, and melting smiles, have won your affections. Remember that the graces and glances which flattered your taste and captivated your passion cannot avail long to render you happy or proud of their owner, if he be a libertine, a thief or a drunkard. And it is not seldom that such men do masquerade in good society under a dominion of exquisitemanners and engaging smiles. And it is the young who are often deceived by these witcheries, that seem to proclaim their owners possessed of sterling worth and all the cardinal virtues; and, perhaps, at least with most fatality, the young of the gender sex whose faith in them is strongest, and whose judgment is oftenest thus dazzled and perverted. Too often, with a maiden, the smile of a stranger is enough to ingratiate him into favor. She will not believe that appearances can deceive her; that any man who is so courteously deferential and so handsome can be unworthy her regard; that such a sweet smile can wreath itself about lips that shall plot her ruin; and sometimes the lesson that a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain is learned through very bitter

teachings.

A young girl was introduced, by a casual acquaintance, to a gentleman of noble appearance, handsome face and courtly manners. He occupied a government office, and seemed all that was desirable as to associates and social standing. His manners were an epitome of deference and regard, and the girl was not long in giving her whole heart to this most polished gentleman. Though he had met her but a few times, and all of those by evident accident, he begged her to marry him to accompany him to Europe. This she refused to do, clandestinely, but plighted her troth to him and for two years was loyally devoted to her absent lover. Then he returned, and sent for her. She met him, and fully believed in his promise to openly ask her hand of her parents; but, in less than a week, she read in the daily papers that he was confined in prison for a theft amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars. The agony of remorse, wounded love, and shame, which the young lady endured was terrible. She felt keenly her disgrace that the man whose courtly manners, and tender smiles, had won her heart was but a daring thief! "To think that splendid man, with his refined mind, polished manners, noble form, glorious brow, and heavenly smile, should be only a thief!" she said. "But, oh! his smile, his smile! I shall remember it as long as I live!"

And while I think of him, his aristocratic white hands employed in convict labor, I repeat that smiles are no index of a person's character. A man may smile like a seraph and yet not escape being put to breaking stones for the public good.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A FRIEND of mine hands me the following paragraph—cut from a newspaper—and asks me to give my opinion of it:

"On a floor in a Danbury home lies a little pile of sewing. Six months ago the head of the house went to a shop and seeing a man, hardly he dumped to the floor and that lay upon him and asked him to pick it up. He said he wouldn't do it. She told him that as he had thrown it there it could remain there until he got ready to pick it up. She would never touch it. And there it remains, a memento to individual spirit and united folly."

Well, I have read it over several times and have come to the conclusion that I haven't much opinion about it, and—were I person less inclined to comment on what I have to say—the whole affair might come under the plain head of "folly." But, you see, I am just the person to make comments, and when I have so good a subject to comment upon how can I help doing so?

In the first place, it seems difficult to understand which of the two was most to blame, Brother Tom says, "Toss up a cent and see," I shall do nothing of the kind. If my honest judgment cannot tell me I shall leave the master alone. (Tom laughs to himself as though he thought I hadn't any judgment.) I think the man was very wrong to "dump" the sewing on the floor, but I think he was more wrong not to pick it up again; he did the injury, and she could possibly think of me, and more than she ever did.

My soul wandered forth in love and music.

Often at night, when the moon went up the heavenly stairs, and the glittering stars bethought their lights, have I gone around and sat on old Nade's front fence, and whiled hours away, playing on the sweet accordion; not minding the neighborly dogs, or the unfriendly brickbats which came from an unknown source.

I used to call to see her, and always took myself and my accordion along.

The accordion was an old one, and valuable; it had been in the family for forty years, and was just as good when it was new as it was when it was old.

I always sat in the corner and played it, while she ate the candy.

Whenever I came she would ask if I brought that old accordion with me—she had an appreciation for its age, and as long as the candy lasted I could play.

I used to throw my head back and pour my whole soul through that instrument for the satisfaction of Sarah, and she was easily satisfied.

Old man Nade used to stamp on the floor above, and of course, knowing that he wanted more of it, I would play louder and wilder than ever, and the more he pounded the more I played. I thought it was applause and that the old man liked it, and played frantically days all forgotten and buried with the dead past!

Were they once remembered, I believe that that pile of sewing would not have remained there to this day. Each would have been only too eager to remove it from their sight.

What an eyesore that pile of sewing must be as they enter the room where it lies! Don't you suppose that, when they enter that room, they feel as if they had acted in a silly and foolish manner, and that their conduct has been contemptible? Don't you suppose that each would like to rush for that to whom the other wishes to see how long the other is able to hold out. You may think them spirited, I think them stubborn.

But if I think the husband to blame, why don't I advocate that he should be the one to "give in"? Because, if he will not "give in," she should do so. You don't see why? Maybe she has been at fault, some time, and all unwilling to acknowledge it, he has been the one to say that he was to blame, all the while knowing that such was not the case. Should the concession be all on one side? I think not. As long as the world lasts, so long will there be bickering, and some one has to be in the wrong, and some one has to submit to others' dictation and selfishness.

But these bickerings among married people! Are they not fearful to contemplate? We never note that lovers are so fond of each other, yet we do wonder why this self-sacrificing love is left among the love-days, and not

carried into the whole period of wedded life. You may tell me that courtship is like a pleasant dream and matrimony is a practical reality. It is a change of life, yet the husband or wife should not sink the lover in the new relation. I don't mean to insinuate that they are to utter soft nonsense, such as they used in courting days, but they can love each other with as strong and fervent a love, and they should do so.

Almost all the little bickerings that come into married life are caused by just such foolish trifles as the incident I have quoted at the commencement of this essay, and because persons are so stubborn they will not acknowledge that they are in the wrong, and thus they make wedded life an unhappiness instead of a blessing, and hearts despond that might be happy because this stubbornness is not kept under subjection.

A well known author says, "When a man truly loves a woman, it is his sole aim to all in his power to make her happy," and I add that the woman who truly loves should do the same. Of course most do, through courtship, but only a few do so after marriage. Why should the number be few? Mutual love should be the rule, and there should be no exception about it whatever! EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Serenade Speech.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—As I lay wrapped in slumbers—and blankets—my wife rapped me over the head, and said I was getting a serenade. I was far in the land of dreams and visions. I had discovered a gold mine, just before; I had robbed a fellow on the road of twenty thousand dollars, and paid off a few debts. Gold and silver were all around me. I revelled in the treasure. I filled my pockets, and hat, and a clothes-basket; there was no more need to borrow any more; but my dream was broken. I awoke, got up, felt in my pockets, and got thoroughly awake when I found that ten cents which had been there for a long time, and had a lonesome time of it.

I am very thankful, nevertheless, for this disturbance, but I wish the wind did not blow so cold through the window.

Yet the noise below has not upset me to any great degree. I am not mad. Really, I am thankful for it.

I love to sleep and hear music on the midnight atmosphere stealing in through the cracks of the windows, provided there is not too much cold wind in it. It is soothing to the ear.

I love a brass band. When a boy I always followed the band-wagon around town, and never minded the monkeys. My eyes and ears were always fixed on the band, and of course I would occasionally stumble over a stone in the road, or fall into a mud-puddle, but I never lost a note of the music. I always got up again, and went on.

"In following the bands I have been run over, tramped on, knocked down, but it never dampened my ardor for music, and it has not died out to this day.

There is nothing like music; at least, noting that I can recall. And when a man is serenaded, he is expected to make a few remarks from the window, no matter how many overcoats he hasn't got on, or how cold the weather is.

I am pleased with this serenade. You certainly have nearly blown your immortal brains out to give me a good blast.

Over, I would like to blast you, but I am unable to do so, so you will have to excuse me.

Serenades are always suggestive of music, and this one reminds me of a reminiscence which occurred in my younger youth. I was not so old then as I am now; in other words, I was less aged, and the accumulated years hadn't got up and set down on my shoulders, or brought a carload of rheumatism for my limbs. The young lady's name was Sarah Nade, daughter of old Nade. I loved her sixteen inches to the foot, and eight days out of the week, and thought more of her than she could possibly think of me, and more than she ever did.

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Old man Nade used to stamp on the floor above, and of course, knowing that he wanted more of it, I would play louder and wilder than ever, and the more he pounded the more I played. I thought it was applause and that the old man liked it, and played frantically days all forgotten and buried with the dead past!

Occasionally the instrument would suck a note down its throat, but when that would occur I would supply the note whenever I came to it with my mouth, and so there was no stoppage in the tune.

Sometimes the old man would yell down, "See here, young man, we have had enough of that," but as I wanted to be generous and liberal, and do all I could for him, I would keep playing; and when he would come down and say that he was afraid that I would tire myself to death and exhaust the atmosphere entirely, and that he could get through the balance of the night without any more music, I would then wind up with Old Hun-

dren and quit.

There was more music wasted than you ever heard at once.

I tried to win the lovely Sarah with music. It saved so much useless talk. When the candy was eaten up she would intimate in words that she was never so sleepy in her life, and if I could take that accordion out on the door-step and play a few tunes she would go to bed and listen to them, and then we separated.

Things had gone along smoothly this way for six months, when, one night, her father had given several pounds of applause on the floor above, and I had played wilder on the accordion than ever, he came down-stairs into the room and knocked all the musical wind out of that instrument with a club, and gave me a minute geographical description of where I

could find the front door, and I took the route, and it bored Sarah so much that whenever she would meet me afterward she hadn't the heart to speak to me.

That ended that little love affair, and also the accordion.

Musick hath charms. I am very fond of being disturbed. The men who fingered the bass drum and the cymbals have shown themselves adepts in the art. I hope you will all go up to the first saloon and get all you call for, and tell them if I don't pay for it you will yourself; and as I haven't got several overcoats on I will bid you all good-night, and will come around and serenade you some of these nights in return—on an accordion or a trombone.

WASHINGTON WHITESIDE.

### Topics of the Time.

Sir Henry James, Director of the British Ordnance Survey, reports that it will take from eighteen to twenty years to complete the cadastral survey of England and Wales, and that the work will cost nearly £20,000,000.

Some stupendous figures are furnished by the census of the British Empire. Its total population, 234,000,000, is very nearly double that of the Roman Empire in its palmy days. The territory, 73 million square miles, is almost five times as great. About a sixth of Queen Victoria's subjects are Christians, 11 per cent. Mohammedans, 42 per cent. Hindoos, and a fourth heathens of various sects. The titled property-owners of Great Britain are numbered at 163,000.

The military force of England, militia, yeomanry and volunteers included, is reckoned at 470,706, of which 191,834 are regular troops. The navy numbers 65,000 men. Germany has 1,637,000 of all arms and classes, with a naval force of 13,000. The Austrian army, including all reserves, numbers 800,000 men, with about 14,500 in the navy. Italy has 750,000 men in the army, and 10,000 sailors; Greece, 40,000 land forces; Turkey can muster 310,00

**REGRETS.**

BY ALEXANDER LAMONT.

A little blue-eyed boy at break of day  
In silence weeping by the shining strand,  
Beneath the sun which went away  
His late-built towers and palaces of sand;  
Searching in vain for the sweet-sounding shells  
That told him secrets of the far-off seas—  
Of lotus-lands and fairy-haunted delas,  
Filled with eternal mystic melodies.

A wan-faced maiden at the straying-gate,  
With sad eyes gazing o'er the waving corn;  
Praying that one may come through late, so late!  
To bring her heart from drooping to forlorn;  
Shedding alone deep, penitential tears  
For words she uttered in deep passion's blaze,  
That sundered all the love of bygone years.  
And sent her since through life by lonely ways.

A youth beside a little rose-wreathed mound,  
Where lies a form in silent, peaceful rest;  
Weeping upon the consecrated ground  
The tears that should have fallen upon the

Of her who lies beneath; in dark despair  
Moaning his grief in low and saddened speech,  
And crav'g pardon in an anxious prayer,  
Which now her deadened ear can never reach.

A child who loses the bright butterfly  
Which he has chased by dell, and stream, and  
cove;

A dying maiden hearing in the sky  
The lark's sweet song while leaving life's bright  
hours;

An aged man, at sober twilight's fall,  
Sitting beside the fading embers' gleam,  
Striving in thought life's dreams to recall,  
And finding out how much was but a dream!

**America's Commodores.**

**OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.**

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

PERRY came of good nautical stock—his father Christopher being a captain in the navy during the period of hostilities with France (1798-1800). From him he imbibed a love for the service which led the way to a career of honor.

Oliver Hazard, born August 20th, 1785, in Rhode Island, was the eldest of a considerable family—several of whom became distinguished in the navy. Oliver was commissioned midshipman in April, 1799, and assigned to his father's vessel—a frigate of 28 guns called the General Greene, which did some excellent cruising in the West Indies during the years 1799 and 1800. Then, the troubles with France having been arranged, the General Greene was laid up, and Captain Perry was one of the nineteen captains dropped from the service to reduce the establishment. The midshipmen, however, were retained, and young Perry was assigned to the Adams, of 28 guns. Capt. Campbell. In her he cruised to the Mediterranean, and became a favorite with Campbell and his first lieutenant Hull (afterward commodore). On his seventeenth birthday Oliver was commissioned lieutenant—the youngest in the service. This cruise of eighteen months was of marked benefit to the young officer, and he returned to America, in November, 1803, greatly improved in seamanship, general knowledge, and in personal vigor.

He joined the frigate Constellation, again under Capt. Campbell, and proceeded to Tripoli. The war with that power had just been closed when the frigate reached the port (Sept. 10th, 1804), and Perry had the honor of being assigned to the command of the Nautilus, of 14 guns—the vessel of the lamented Richard Somers, who had been blown up in the harbor of Tripoli, on the Intrepid (Sept. 4th). This command, given to one not yet twenty-one years of age, spoke well for the consideration for which he was held by the superior officers.

He remained in the Nautilus until assigned by Commodore Rodgers to his own ship, the Constitution, in the autumn of 1805—a choice that again reflected honor on the young lieutenant, for Rodgers was noted as a severe disciplinarian and for his severity in exactions of duty. He remained with the Constitution for a year and was then sent to the Essex, in which he returned home (October, 1806).

Perry superintended the construction of the "gunboat flotilla"—one of Jefferson's most silly hobbies—for nearly two years, when he was given a vessel, the Revenge, of 14 guns—one of the coast squadron, in which he cruised up and down the coast until he was lost by wreck on the Watch Hill reef, near Newport, Jan. 8th, 1811.

When war came with Great Britain, in 1812, Perry was commanding a division of gunboats on the Newport station. No chance offering for an independent command on the Atlantic, he volunteered to serve on the Lakes, which, it was known, must become the scene of hostilities. Commodore Chauncy was already actively engaged in guarding Lake Ontario. By the command of Lieutenant Perry was sent to Lake Erie, to superintend the equipment of vessels destined for the defense of that lake. March 27th he reached Presq' Isle (now Erie, Penn.) and there assumed the direction of affairs. It was indeed arduous work. All the region round the Lake was then a wilderness—only a settlement here and there to break the primeval silence. To reach the Lake with guns, ship material, tools and provisions rendered the building and equipping of a squadron a Herculean task, but it had already been commenced under sailing master Dobbins, and Perry's arrival greatly hastened operations.

Hearing that Chauncy had determined to make a land and water assault on the British fort, St. George, below Niagara, Perry took a small boat at night and was rowed down to Buffalo, and thence made his way to Chauncy's squadron, just on the eve of its departure. His coming was gladly welcomed. Chauncy assigned him the command of the marines, of the landing force, and with this force he participated prominently and most creditably in the successful movement.

Returning to Presq' Isle, he hastened work on his little vessels, watched carefully by the English squadron, under Captain Barclay, which lay off the harbor, and expected to destroy the American vessels as they tried to pass the bar. The British commander, however, unexpectedly left his station, on August 1st, to run over the lake and return again in a day or two—a fortunate occurrence for Perry, which he utilized, although it was Sunday, by starting his fleet for the open lake. His two heaviest vessels, the Lawrence and Niagara, he had to assist over the bar by means of lifts or "camels," a very tedious process, indeed, which, had the enemy been present, would have been impossible. Barclay's momentary relaxation of his vigilance cost him a defeat, for, once over the bar, the American squadron was more than his match, at that time. A new ship, however, then fitting at Malden, made Barclay more than Perry's equal in guns, and to place that ship in his squadron the English captain had gone to that port.

Thither Perry soon followed, and rendezvoused at Put-in-Bay, in Put-in-Bay Islands, where many of the officers and crew were taken sick with the ague—Perry among others.

This continued for two weeks, but early in September he was able to get out on deck again, and then ran up to Malden to reconnoiter. He found the British squadron there, evidently unwilling to run out.

But Barclay was forced to make a run for Long Point, being very short of provisions—a circumstance of which Perry was forewarned, and every preparation made to force the enemy to general action. On the morning of September 10th Perry took his ships out of harbor, and when in the open lake, north of the islands, discovered the British vessels in the offing, heading for Long Point; but, seeing his antagonist in his path, Barclay hove to, taking battle position in line.

The British fleet was composed of six vessels, viz.: Detroit, 19; Queen Charlotte, 17; Lady Prevost, 13; Hunter, 10; Little Belt, 8; and Chippewa, 1; in all 63 guns. Perry's force was the Lawrence, 20 guns; Niagara, 20; Caledonia, 8; Ariel, 4; Somers, 1; Porcupine, 1; Scorpion, 2; Tigress, 1; Tripp, 1; in all 54 guns, but about equal in weight of shot to the British armament.

Seeing the enemy's formation, Perry changed his prearranged order of battle, that of his own ship, the Lawrence, might make Barclay's flag-ship, the Detroit, his own antagonist; while the Niagara, Captain Elliott, took the Queen Charlotte. The final maneuvering brought the several vessels into fire in their assigned position. The Americans, having the weather gage, ran down before a light wind, from the south-east, and just before noon came within range. Barclay, lying to, threw the first shot, and, as the Lawrence came slowly on, she began to suffer considerably. Being at the head of his line, all the enemy gave him attention with their long range guns, before engaging their own special adversary approaching, and the wind now falling to a light breeze, the Lawrence for a full hour lay exposed to a fearful fire, so that when the other vessels got into position she was terribly cut and pierced. Seeing this, and that the Charlotte, which he had engaged, had dropped close in upon the Detroit, and was pouring her shot into the Lawrence, Elliott broke out of the prearranged line, and slowly passing the Caledonia, came to the Lawrence's help, and the breeze now freshening somewhat, both the Niagara and Caledonia got ahead of the flag-ship, which lay almost helpless on the water, her decks covered with the dead and disabled, and every gun but one on her starboard dismounted. She was really beaten and powerless, and seeing the Niagara's advance, Perry jumped into a small boat, taking with him his younger brother, then a midshipman, and was pulled away to Elliott's vessel, which was near hand.

The Detroit, Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost were then close together, not four cables' length from the Lawrence, making the actual distance between the Niagara and the three vessels not more than four or five hundred yards. The small vessels of Perry's fleet, under the light wind, had not been able to get fully into the fight until about this time, when Elliott volunteered to pass to them in the boat and bring them up for the close fight determined upon. The captain started on his mission and during the rest of that memorable combat he was engaged in getting the schooners and sloops together and directing their work.

Perry, with the Niagara, closely supported by the Caledonia, bore down under the freshening wind direct upon the enemy's line, and caught the Detroit in the act of wearing ship, in which she became interlocked with the Queen Charlotte, whose commanding officers being killed or wounded was very badly handled. This mishap was fatal for Barclay. Perry put the Niagara in position to rake both vessels, which he did with terrible effect, while the schooners and sloops, closing up to the windward of the British line, put in a cross-fire which soon decided the battle. It was madness to resist longer, and though the Lawrence had struck her flag to Barclay, after Perry left her she was thus revenged. The Detroit first struck, then the Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost and Hunter, but the Little Belt and Chippewa sought to escape by running for the Canada shore. The Scorpion and Tripp pursued, overhauled and took them both, thus accomplishing a complete victory, and restoring the supremacy of the United States over the Lakes.

This victory was won by the loss of many brave men. The Lawrence offered up a fearful sacrifice—22 killed and 63 wounded out of a crew of 103 who reported that morning fit for duty—35 out of 103—truly a sanguinary record, far exceeding in proportion any loss of the war. The vessel itself was but a wreck, cut to pieces aloft and below. Perry's escape, exposed as he was under that concentrated two hours' fire, was miraculous. That he never even thought of yielding shows the lion heart of the man. The Niagara's loss was comparatively small—5 killed and 25 wounded. The other vessels lost lightly. The British casualty list was about equal to that of their conqueror, while in prisoners it was, of course, the entire fleet force—over 500 prisoners.

The battle over, the vessels bore up for the Put-in-Bay rendezvous, and after a few days' refitting and burying the slain on the shores of the beautiful water, the prizes were dispatched for adjudication to Presq' Isle. The land rung with applause over this victory, and Perry emerged from the modest obscurity of a captain's rank to become famous; but he did not repose on his laurels. His vessels co-operated with Harrison in the recovery of Detroit, then in British possession through its surrender by Hull. Detroit was easily repossessed, for, with no friendly fleet on the river, it was not tenable. Harrison began his movement for the invasion of Canada, and the army passed over Detroit river under protection of the commanding general.

The Fletchers did not live immediately in the village; but their house—being fine and large, with well-kept grounds, and their orchards and vegetable gardens and poultry yards and meadows perambulated by hand-some cows, giving fine promise of abundant good cheer—was regularly besieged, each summer, by applicants for board. But as Farmer Fletcher and his wife thought they had enough of this world's goods, and prized their ease and privacy more than the dollars to be made in such ventures, they seldom yielded to the besiegers. Once or twice they had been induced, out of pure kindness of heart, to take in some invalid, whom they felt assured they could benefit; but the spring of Ruth's serious illness Mrs. Fletcher had warned her husband to give no encouragement to any stranger during that summer.

"It will keep my hands full waiting on Ruth. 'Twill be months before she will be fit to do for herself; and then, too, husband, this affair about the schoolmaster makes me feel as if I couldn't endure to look a stranger in the face, or to have to talk to 'em. We are all concerned in it, you see, as 'twas Ruth's admiring the teacher urged poor Jasper to do what he did. If he was my own son I couldn't feel much worse. First place, I liked the boy and looked to his being my son some day; and then, I can't shake off a sense of responsibility, seeing as Ruth's so mixed in it. Poor Ruth! I don't see what under the sun she took it into her head to care for the master for! He wasn't our sort—and Jasper was. You see, I kind of blame my own child—and she at death's door for her folly, too!—and it's a miserable business all around! A miserable business! I should think Jasper's mother would die outright, for it's almost killing me. Oh, dear!

associated with Harrison in a proclamation to the people of Upper Canada—the potency of his name as the victor of Lake Erie serving to inspire friends and overawe foes.

After these operations he was ordered to the command of the Java, a new 44-gun ship, fitting out at Baltimore, but then and afterward blockade by the enemy's strong force in the waters below, and the ship only put to sea after the close of the war. In May (1815), under Perry's command, she ran to the Mediterranean to join Commodore Shaw's squadron before Algiers, but arrived to find affairs adjusted with the Bashaw. The Java returned home in 1817.

Perry now had difficulties and proceedings with fellow officers, against one of whom he made charges, and the controversy with Captain Elliott and the commanding officer of marines on board the Java, served, not to dim his honor, but to betray a weakness of temper that left its mark on his personal reputation. It was, indeed, but a repetition of troubles originating in professional jealousies and dislikes of which our navy had been seen only too much. He fought a duel with the marine officer; but, admitting his error, he stood his fire without returning it. With Elliott the quarrel was very bitter and prolonged, but it ended, we believe, not to the disparagement of that officer.

In June, 1819, Perry was first permitted to hoist the commodore's pennant, and in the John Adams proceeded on a mission to the countries of the north of South America. In a little craft named Nonesuch he ran up the Orinoco to Angostura, the capital of Venezuela. There the yellow fever prevailed, and, returning down the river, he was seized with the malady and died before he could reach Trinidad, where his flagship lay—August 23d, 1819. His remains were first interred at Port Spain, Trinidad, but were afterward borne in a vessel-of-war to Newport, Rhode Island, where a fine monument marks the place of repose.

The name reappeared in the navy in the person of his son Oliver Hazard, who, as the comodore of the celebrated expedition to Japan and the East in the years 1852-3-4, succeeded in opening that long-closed country to the commerce of the world.

**NOWADAYS.**

BY HORACE.

Alas! how everything has changed  
Since I was sweet sixteen,  
When all the girls wore muslin frocks,  
And all the boys were clean,  
With bonnets made of braided straw  
That tied beneath the chin,  
The shawl neatly on the neck  
And fastened with a pin.

I recollect the time when I  
Rode father's horse to mill,  
Across the meadow, rock and field,  
And up and down the road the girls  
And what "old folks" were out at work  
(I never made me thinner)  
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,  
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies nowadays  
Would almost faint away  
To think of riding all alone,  
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh;  
And when giving out his meals,  
One always "had to" take  
Oh, dear! would spoil the lily hands  
Though sometimes they made cake.

When winter came the maiden's heart  
Began to beat and flutter:  
Each beau would take his sweetheart out  
Sleigh-riding in a cutter;  
Or if the storm was bleak and cold  
The girls and beau together  
Would meet and sit in the best of fun,  
And never mind the weather.

Now, indeed, it gives us much  
The circumstance to mention,  
However kind the young man's heart,  
And honest his intentions,  
He never asks his girl to ride  
But such a man is caged;  
And if he sees her once a week,  
Why, surely "they're engaged!"

**The Girl Rivals:**

OR,

**THE WAR OF HEARTS.**

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

**CHAPTER XVI.**

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE.

PENTACKET is a lovely little village in summer. It is in the north-western portion of Massachusetts in full view of the mountains, and not far from a romantic little lake, while the air is clear and cool. The air of Pentacket is clean and pure, when it is very sultry in some other places; its views are fine, its inhabitants know how to win a living out of the advantages of their situation, and in hot weather, the village is crowded with summer boarders. There is one large, roomy, airy hotel, with verandas and green blinds, and a band of music and a ball-room, which does a rushing business in July and August; but a great many quiet people prefer the seclusion of private dwellings, and half the families of Pentacket take boarders in the summer season.

The Fletchers did not live immediately in the village; but their house—being fine and large, with well-kept grounds, and their orchards and vegetable gardens and poultry yards and meadows perambulated by hand-some cows, giving fine promise of abundant good cheer—was regularly besieged, each summer, by applicants for board. But as Farmer Fletcher and his wife thought they had enough of this world's goods, and prized their ease and privacy more than the dollars to be made in such ventures, they seldom yielded to the besiegers. Once or twice they had been induced, out of pure kindness of heart, to take in some invalid, whom they felt assured they could benefit; but the spring of Ruth's serious illness Mrs. Fletcher had warned her husband to give no encouragement to any stranger during that summer.

"It will keep my hands full waiting on Ruth. 'Twill be months before she will be fit to do for herself; and then, too, husband, this affair about the schoolmaster makes me feel as if I couldn't endure to look a stranger in the face, or to have to talk to 'em. We are all concerned in it, you see, as 'twas Ruth's admiring the teacher urged poor Jasper to do what he did. If he was my own son I couldn't feel much worse. First place, I liked the boy and looked to his being my son some day; and then, I can't shake off a sense of responsibility, seeing as Ruth's so mixed in it. Poor Ruth! I don't see what under the sun she took it into her head to care for the master for! He wasn't our sort—and Jasper was. You see, I kind of blame my own child—and she at death's door for her folly, too!—and it's a miserable business all around! A miserable business! I should think Jasper's mother would die outright, for it's almost killing me. Oh, dear!

Perry, enthused with patriotic zeal for the service, joined Harrison in his land operations, with a considerable body of men from his vessels, and participated, with credit, in the campaign which witnessed the overthrow of the combined English and Indian army. He then

oh, dear! There don't seem to be any way out of it!"

No! There certainly was no way out of the dreadful trouble of that summer! Jasper Judson was pining away the long days in jail awaiting the trial to come off late in June; his own daughter was struggling slowly, very slowly up from that bed of fever and delirium on which she had been so long stretched—and Mrs. Fletcher, more grave and sad than ever in that season long ago when she had buried another little girl, leaving only Ruth, went about her house with a heavy heart.

Thus it happened that she would not listen to the dulcet persuasion of a very beautiful and stylish Boston girl, who, with her maiden aunt—the aunt was suffering with a cough left by a winter attack of pneumonia—had come there the first of June and begged to be accommodated, professing herself willing to pay any price for rooms and board, as the aunt disliked hotels, disliked villages, and craved a quiet country place where she could recover at leisure.

The girl was a beautiful creature, and had such a sweet, coaxing way with her, that Mrs. Fletcher found it hard to refuse her, softening her refusal with the statement of her daughter's illness. She heard, afterward, that the ladies had concluded to take rooms at the hotel, when the younger one—a great beauty and heiress—was the observed of all observers.

Two or three days after the first application came another. A livery hack drove slowly through the winding drives of the lawn and stopped before the steps of the porch which ran across the front of the old stone house. It had showered during the day; and the air was sweet with the scent of roses and new-mown grass.

The slender pillars of the porch seemed hardly able to bear up the weight of roses which clung to them, heavy with great, drooping clusters of pink and white and red.

The meadows across the road were dotted with haycocks thrown up hastily to escape the damaging effects of the summer rain. Birds were darting about as if intoxicated by the joy of the hour, or by too many draughts of dew from flower and tree. A few golden clouds floated peacefully above the distant hills. For the first time—since, on that terrible day following Christmas, she had been carried up in a fainting fit—Ruth had come downstairs. She was sitting in an easy-chair out on the porch, dressed in a loose white wrapper, with a white zephyr shawl thrown about her head and shoulders.

No longer the rosy, dimpled lovely school-girl; but a grave, sorrowful invalid, her face pale and thin, her figure a mere shadow of its past rounded outlines; her eyes preternaturally large and bright, set in her wasted face; and her beautiful hair, that had once rippled far below her waist, long ago cut from her fevered head and now growing out in little curling rings about her white forehead and neck, giving her a childish look that contradicted the sad expression on her features.

The poor girl had been brought down in her father's arms and placed in the chair that she might enjoy the beauty of the sky and the freshness of the air. Her mother sat near her, watching every feeble movement with a mother's fond devotion, certain, now that Ruth had actually left her sick-room, that she would get well. The child had asked for some roses, and had pinned one in her white dress at the bosom, and held the others in her lap idly.

struck admiration by the waiters and chambermaid—a class who always do love to see money thrown away. The landlord rejoiced in his best patron all the more when he found the tribe that followed, all ready to lavish what means they had to keep up a brave appearance before the rich beauty.

He cared no more for any of them than the candle cares for the moths who circle about, except that they served occasionally to make less dull a tiresome day.

Brummell must have lied some of his rich young friends in Boston pretty freely, for he had an abundance of spending money, kept a pair of horses and a light buggy in the hotel stables, and was altogether brilliant, with his canes and his gloves and cravats, such as even the most aspiring of his younger fellows could not hope to attain.

Brummell, too, had flattered himself into the aunt's good graces, so that she was continually intoning his praises, in the hearing of her niece. Altogether, it would have been far from surprising if Honoria had been utterly subdued by his fascinations and his devotion, all of which had laid steady siege to her heart for over a year.

It is undeniable, too, that she had given him some encouragement; yet, always after she had shown this weakness, she shed a few tears of regret in the privacy of her own room, and resolved that she would never, never do so again. Why she regretted it could not have told herself; partly it was that her young imagination still clung to her cousin in spite of heroic efforts to tear it away; and partly it was that her virgin soul, if it had not the wisdom of experience, did have that of innocence, and shrunk, it knew not why, from the professions of one so black at heart as Brummell Pomeroy. This Prince of Darkness appeared like an angel of light, yet her pure spirit felt a difference that it did not try to analyze.

Brummell was angry and impatient at his slow progress; but the thought of the young coquette's millions—all her own, and sure to be all her husband's, when she got one—sustained him and urged him to persevere.

So, here he was at Pentacket, "astonishing the natives," and aiding Miss Appleton finely in her efforts to find the little mountain village amusing. Drives, picnics, and mountain excursions were the order of the day. Brummell congratulated himself on having the beauty so much to himself, taking courage to believe that before they left Pentacket, the little hand,

"All queenly with its weight of rings."

Yet before he had been enjoying this felicity of faith ten days, he made a discovery which disturbed him more than he would have cared to acknowledge.

He was out driving alone one afternoon, for Miss Appleton had a headache, or was writing letters, or had some excuse to refuse his invitation. Among the other accomplishments which made him the "Admirable Crichton" of the young bloods of Boston, was his knowledge of horses. He always rode and drove those fiery animals for which his admirers paid, but of whom they were afraid. He had hired, on coming to Pentacket, the superb blooded animals owned by hapless Jasper Judson, and which were suffering for want of exercise because the father had not the heart to use these pets of his son. Brummell's control of them was usually perfect, but, on this occasion, having driven over to a neighboring village, he was late in returning, and was overtaken by a sudden summer tempest.

The frightful cannonade of the thunder, the flash of the lightning in their very eyes, the rush of the wind, and the wild swaying of the roadside trees, excited the horses more and more, until a sudden crackling of thunderbolts over their heads and a blaze in their faces, made them so wild that their driver lost control of them, and they dashed furiously along the country road, running from one side of it to the other, and soon dumping Mr. Brummell Pomeroy unceremoniously into the mud and dust. He clung to the reins, through all, like a hero, being dragged some distance along the way, when a farmer, who had kept out too late in the effort to save his hay, dashed out of a fence-corner to his assistance, and, at serious risk, stopped the frightened pair. A few gentle, reassuring words then quieted the trembling horses, and the farmer swung open the carriage gate to his place, and led them into the stable, and leaving Brummell to find the shelter of the house-porch.

Pomeroy, somewhat stunned, but not injured much, staggered forward to the piazza, anxious to get out from under the avenue of elms which led up to the roomy and comfortable-looking dwelling, for he had a guilty conscience, and was afraid of the lightning.

Some one was sitting there who did not appear to be afraid of it. A slight, youthful figure, clothed in deep mourning, leaned back in an arm-chair, and a pale, beautiful face was turned to the stormy sky, its large, sad eyes fixed on the driving clouds with such an intensity of self-absorption that their owner was unaware of the approach of the intruder.

Brummell came near uttering an oath of surprise.

"That little devil! What is she doing here?" was his wondering thought. "She will be sure to make me trouble," was his next reflection.

As she had not yet perceived him, he retreated from the steps he was about to ascend, and followed the drive around, and went on to the stables, where he found the farmer caring for the dripping horses.

"You are very kind," he began. "I thank you a thousand times. But I think I will go right on, and let John, at the hotel, see to the team. It is breaking up now—the worst of the storm must be over, and I am so drenched that I had best get back and have a change of garments."

"With will fix you up with some clothes of mine, if you choose to go in the house. They may not be of the same cut as yours"—his eyes twinkling at the sad condition of the city boy's elegant suit—"but they will be dry."

"Much obliged, I am sure, but I had better hasten on. By the way, do you take summer visitors into your family, sir?"

"Not often. Don't like to do it, as a usual thing. Sometimes wife takes invalids out of custody. These consisted, as the reader may have guessed, of the two professional burglars, and Messrs. Wilson and Powers, who were the persons whom Will had recognized at the time.

Will had now given up his old residence, and was regularly located at the residence of his new-found father. The old gentleman was exceedingly happy in the possession of this strong, handsome lad for his son, and doted upon him with an affection which Will, in good measure, returned.

He made himself as much at home in this well-appointed residence as he had ever been in his less savory dwelling-places, and adopted the manners and customs of good society with a readiness which could hardly have been expected.

"Did she have references?" asked the man-of-the-world, between two bars of a light tune he was humming.

"Didn't ask for any. Her face was reference enough."

"Ah, you country people never learn to be sufficiently suspicious. You know, I dare say, that it is a favorite move on the part of these

adventuresses to pass themselves off as widows. Not that this little lady may not be all right. I only speak on general principles. You know what Weller says: 'Look out for vidders.' By the way, your little village is not quite as sinless as Paradise, after all. You are to have a murder trial next week, I hear."

Brummell said this with no purpose except to keep up an appearance of sociability with the farmer, after dropping in his mind the seed of a wicked suspicion against the young widow. He had not the remotest idea of who the murdered man had been, nor knew that the one he addressed had any special interest in the subject.

"Yes," answered the other, "and a terrible thing it will be."

"Parties all young and foolish, weren't they?" ran on Brummell, indifferently, as he examined the harness to see if it had escaped the strain of the runaway. "Seems to me I have heard something about jealousy being the motive of the murder."

"If you were not standing there in wet cloths I'd tell you all about it," said Mr. Fletcher, with a sigh—the load on his heart was heavy to bear, and he was yielding to the natural impulse to get rid of a part of it by communicating it to some one else—how often the human heart would break if it did not bend itself to relieve the pressure!

"Oh, go on, if you please. I've got to mend this strap here; thank you, I have a string in my pocket." Brummell would not have lingered, at the risk of taking cold had not his curiosity been aroused by the sight of Mildred Garner sitting on the porch of this man's house.

So he listened to the whole story of the murderer—told from Mr. Fletcher's point of view—and heard how the speaker's own daughter was concerned in it, and what a terrible affair it was, and likely to destroy the happiness of two families. Brummell could not but take some interest in it; and at the end, he inquired what the effect of the tragedy had been on the murdered man's relatives.

"That just adds to the singularity of the whole affair," replied Mr. Fletcher; "the fact that one of his kith or kin have come forward to inquire after his fate. Nor was there anything in his room—papers, or what not—to tell us who to write to about it, or what steps to take to let his relatives know. The lawyers have written to two or three Otises of Boston—for he allowed to be from Boston, and to belong to a good family there, that he was too proud to live on, seeing they had not used him fair—but none of 'em seem to know about him. It's my private opinion there's some mystery about it—fact is—speaking in a low voice, 'I often think he isn't dead, after all. I'd give every dollar I've got in the world to prove it, but it's only an idea of mine. Folks say, 'Why, there's the bloody knife, and all; and if he ain't dead, what's become of him?' I can't answer them. I only wish I could. Often it appears to me as if he wasn't dead, and the rest was a terrible dream. Jasper Judson's got a quick temper, and he did act strange next day, but he's a good boy at heart, I'll stick to that! I'd rather have seen my daughter married to him than to this mysterious schoolmaster, handsome and learned and gentlemanly as he was. He was always a sad, gloomy man; and he had but one valise-trunk full of clothes with him, and yet he wore diamond sleeve-buttons!"

These incongruous facts evidently had made a strong impression on the farmer.

"Diamond sleeve-buttons, and a family who had wronged him, and his name was Otsis!"

His companion looked at him in surprise at the voice in which he spoke—the gentleman's face was white, and he shivered.

"You are taking your death of cold, sir."

"I am afraid I am. And you really think that pretty young thing I saw on the porch is the widow she pretends to be?"

"I do," was the emphatic response; "that little lady could no more tell a lie than the angels. That's what we all think."

"You are probably right; though my experience makes me suspicious. I must attend this trial next week; you have aroused a deep interest in me—and then, it will help to pass the time. Much obliged for your kindness, Mr. —?"

"Fletcher. I wish you would at least put on a dry coat of mine."

"I'll be home in ten minutes with this team, Mr. Fletcher—it's only a mile to the hotel. When I'm there, I'll run about until I am in a glow. Thank you, and good-afternoon," and Brummell drew far down over his face his broad-brimmed summer hat, and was careful to keep his head turned away as he sped by the house on his way to the road.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 387.)

## MAY.

BY M. J. ADAMS.

**Earth is proud in her garment green,  
And Sol looks down thro' his rays serene;  
The new-born flowers with fragrance come,  
B'ring the bee with musical hum,  
And the birds sing to the values below,  
With a newer life the sunbeams glow;  
Now happier feel the lowing kine,  
And lazier are the huddling swine;  
Now seems to be less mournful, sweet,  
The tender mother's piteous bleat.  
The waters roar, the winds are wailing,  
And sweater now the carols they sing;  
In no other month of the year we see  
The charms that Nature has given to thee,  
Oh, thou art worthy the poet's lay,  
Welcome, welcome, beautiful May!**

## The Gamin Detective;

OR,

### Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,  
AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE LOST FOUND.

All the members of the council which the two boys had seen at Black-eyed Joe's were now in custody. These consisted, as the reader may have guessed, of the two professional burglars, and Messrs. Wilson and Powers, who were the persons whom Will had recognized at the time.

Will had now given up his old residence, and was regularly located at the residence of his new-found father. The old gentleman was exceedingly happy in the possession of this strong, handsome lad for his son, and doted upon him with an affection which Will, in good measure, returned.

He made himself as much at home in this well-appointed residence as he had ever been in his less savory dwelling-places, and adopted the manners and customs of good society with a readiness which could hardly have been expected.

"Did she have references?" asked the man-of-the-world, between two bars of a light tune he was humming.

"Didn't ask for any. Her face was reference enough."

"Ah, you country people never learn to be sufficiently suspicious. You know, I dare say, that it is a favorite move on the part of these

adventuresses to pass themselves off as widows. Not that this little lady may not be all right. I only speak on general principles. You know what Weller says: 'Look out for vidders.'

He told his father with much vim of the morning's events, the arrest of the burglars, and the part he had taken in it.

The old gentleman was delighted with the courage and shrewdness of his son, and shuddered as he heard of the perilous adventure in the musty cellar. Will painted his enterprise in no mincing terms.

"And now, my dear son," said Mr. Somers, "since you have so successfully finished your enterprise, I wish you to help me carry out my plans."

"Depends on what they are," said Will.

"I refer to your going to school. You are young enough yet to learn a business, and much as I dislike to part with you I must give you the benefit of an education."

"Ain't no use to part with me. There's good enough schools here," said Will. "Just to think of a feller of my size goin' along the street with baby-school books under his arm."

Will burst into a laugh at the absurdity of the thought.

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# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

JIM BLUDSO of the PRAIRIE BELLE

BY JOHN HAY.

Well, no! I can't tell whar he lives,  
Because he don't live, you see;  
Leastways, he's got out of the habit  
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year  
That you never told us? Tell us all about it!

How Jim Bludso passed in his checks, 25  
The night of the Prairie Belle?

We weren't no sain—them engineers  
Is all pretty much alike.

One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill,  
And another one here, in Pike.

A keeler man in his talk was Jim,

And an awkward man in a row;

But he never talked, and he never lied,

I reckon he never knewed how,

And this was all the religion he had—

To treat his enginee—

Never be passed on the river;

To mind the pilot's bell;

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—

A thousand times he swore,

He'd hold her nozzle ag'in the bank

Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississippi,

And her day come at last,

The Montana was a mighty boat.

But the Belle she "blowed" to pass,

And so she come tearin' along that night,

The oldest craft on the line.

With a bigger squat on her safety valve

And her furnace crammed, robin and pine.

The fire bu'st out as she cleared the bar,

And burnt a hole in the night,

And quick as a flash she turned, and made

For the Miller bank on the right.

There was running and sputtering, but Jim yell'd

ed out.

Over all the infernal roar,

"I'll hold her nozzle ag'in the bank

Til the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' bon-

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,

And they all had trust in his cussedness,

And knew he would keep his word.

And, sure's you're born, they all got off

Afore the smoke-stacks fell—

And Bludso's ghost went up alone

In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment

I'd run my chances with Jim.

Lordy, of all the living gentlemen

That wouldn't shoot him with his hand.

He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—

And went for it thar and then:

And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard

On a man that died for men.

## Silver Sam;

OR,

### The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

"YES, sir!" Bludso continued, speaking at the top of his voice. "You bet me like a man and like a little man I went in and lost it! You sed that he hadn't any fun in him, but he's chock full of fun, fuller'n a tick, you bet."

Furst he histed me up an' wiped me 'round in the mud, jes' as if I didn't cost nothin', an' wasn't worth a cent, n'haw; an' then he beat me with eggs—basted me all over wid 'em jes' as if I were a durned slice of ham a-gwine to be fried, an' when he got through, bay-rum and cologne were nowhar; then he smacked my face an' pasted me in the stumjak, an' tickled me in the throat, an' had more good ole fun wid me an'—wa-at, he said. I am! That ain't nothin' of the hog 'bout me. When a man flakes me till I can't stand, I'm allers satisfied that I've got enough. You sed that thar warn't no fun in him, but that is, an' owe you thirty dollars, an' of you'll lend me two cents for a stamp I'll giv' you my note at ninety days for the ducats!"

The bystanders had listened to this long rigamarole in great astonishment. Nearly all within the room knew that both of the two men—Montana and the major—were admirers of the pretty storekeeper, Mercedes Kirkley, and they easily guessed that a woman was at the bottom of the mischief.

The men of Deadwood were shrewd fellows, and like the old sultans in the Eastern tale, who cried out, "Seek for the woman?" when ever any trouble came to his knowledge, they fully believed that in nine cases out of ten sweet, bewitching woman is to blame for all mischief in this world.

The major was red with rage, and with both hands he nervously grasped his revolvers, but situated as he was with his back to Montana, he was at a fearful disadvantage if the miner chose to assume the offensive.

But Montana never stirred; he was leaning quietly on the counter, Hollowell's big form between him and the soldier. Only the peculiar pallor of his face—a sure sign of terrible anger to those that knew his ways—and the ominous sparkle of his eyes betrayed aught of interest in the scene in which, it was plain to all, he must be a prominent actor.

The keeper of the place, forsaking the farcical over which he had been presiding, hurried forward. He saw that there was going to be trouble, and he resolved that it should not take place on his premises if he could prevent it.

The lookers-on took advantage of the advance of the landlord to quietly get out of the range of fire.

In these impromptu encounters it's ten to one that the bystanders get hit before the principals.

"Hold on, gentlemen!" old John Brown exclaimed, striding in between the two. "I won't have any shooting-match in my place. The last fight in hyer cost me fifty dollars for looking-glasses and fixin's. If you must take a crack at each other go outside!"

"I reckon that you don't see me handling any weapons, Mr. Brown," Montana observed, never moving in the least from his lounging position, and with both his hands thrust into his pockets.

Neither Brown nor any one else in the room could say with truth that they saw Montana handling weapons, and they rather wondered that he took matters so easy, weaponless—without means of defense—and the major grasping a revolver but with each hand. The odds seemed all against the miner.

But Montana was no fool, neither was he a child to walk weaponless in the midst of armed men. The pockets in the hunting-shirt-like coat were dummy ones—merely slits through which the hands went, and on the thigh of each leggin was a secret revolver.

Montana's hands, apparently in his pockets, grasped two revolvers. No need to draw the hammers back to prepare for action, for they were self-cocking weapons, and a single pull on the trigger raised the hammer and discharged the ball.

And if the major had attempted to commence hostilities, relying upon the fact that the miner was apparently unarmed, long before the soldier could have cocked his weapons, Montana would have put a ball through him with the self-cockers.

"Go outside, gentlemen!" the saloon-keeper continued. "You can't fight hyer! I ain't affittin up club-houses every day in the week, and lookin'-glasses cost a small fortune in this hyer town."

Montana straightened himself up and took a step forward; Germaine drew his weapon in an instant, but old John Brown was as quick as the soldier, and as he had previously cocked his revolver he had the advantage.

"None of that, major!" he cried. "Ef that's goin' to be any shootin', I reckon that I'll have fust fire! I'm a peacemaker, I am! and I'll jest salivate the fust man that crooks his fingers fur a fight in this hyer shanty! I ain't a-goin' to have my property destroyed!"

Old John Brown was thoroughly in earnest; he meant business every time, to use the terse expression common to the frontier. He had the soldier at a disadvantage, and the major had the advantage.

It was rough though—miner lingo again—for Germaine felt sure that he had the best of the Little Montana man, and that before the minor could draw a weapon he could easily send him to that long home from whence the traveler returns not.

"As far as I am concerned, your property, Mr. Brown, is in no danger, unless I am attacked, and then I most assuredly will defend myself to the best of my ability," Montana said.

"Thar ain't a-goin' to be any attacking in this hyer shanty now, you kin bet all your rocks onto that!" the landlord exclaimed, decidedly. "As I said afore, I'm a peacemaker, I am! and I reckon I'll lay the fust man out that crooks his wepon colder'n a wedge."

"Suppose I refuse to do either?" Germaine questioned. "I am commander of this post, and in the course of my official duties I am often called upon to pass judgment upon all sorts of rascals, and if I am obliged to fight every rogue that I judge, my hands would be full."

"Oh, what you haven't judged me yet, Major Germaine!" Montana quickly replied, for the first time showing traces of passion in his face, yet which was clear as the tone of a silver bell.

"Maybe Major Tremaine thinks that he has the best of me, seeing that his weapon is out and mine is not; but we can tell that better after the skirmish is over. I don't jump on any man unawares; I'm not that kind of a man, but if I was, I reckon I could have settled the major's hash when he had his back to me and before he had time to draw his revolver.

There is a reckoning to come between us, and I made up my mind when he entered that door to-night that I would have a few plain words with him before he went out. This big mule-driver here has brought things to a focus a little sooner than I intended, but it don't matter much, anyhow. I reckon that there's a few in the room now that know what I am driving at.

Half a dozen men in the crowd exchanged glances. They had been present when Germaine had denounced Montana during the early part of the evening, and of course they understood the miner's meaning.

"Major Germaine," said Montana, fixing his clear, fearless eyes full upon the soldier's face, "I have been told that in this very room this evening you said in public that I was a rascal, and but little better than a thief, and that if you caught me playing cards with, and fleecing, any man of your command, you would have me drummed out of town. Is that true?"

"I do not admit that you have any right to question me!" the soldier exclaimed, contemptuously. "And as for anything that I may have said, I am generally able to back up my words."

"That is exactly what I want!" Montana replied, a peculiar light beginning to sparkle in his dark eyes. "I want to find out first if you said those words, and if you did—as I fully believe—I'm going to make you back them up. Now then, as man to man, I ask you, did you say I was a rascal and but little better than a thief, and in a certain case, you would have me drummed out of town?"

"Yes, I did!" cried Germaine, red in the face with rage; "and I will, too! I'll be as good as my word!" There's too many chaps of your kidney about this town now, and I intend to make a public example of you on the first opportunity."

"Sartin' of course!" cried Bludso, bent on mischief; "step up to the captain's office an' settle! That's the talk! Oh, sodger, you said that thar warn't no fun in him when he was chock-full of it. I were a stranger an' you roped me in. I mashed eggs over me, he did! an' I'm open to bet any man forty thousand dollars to the wag of a mule's tail that he's all fit from his teeth to his toes! You hear my horn?"

"I reckon, major, that you hadn't ought to call a man names unless you kin either prove it or air willin' to fight," suggested an old gray-bearded miner in the crowd.

"Certainly!" exclaimed General Baltimore Bowie, who had been fast asleep with his head on a table at the back part of the room—the effect of too strong potations early in the evening—and who, waking up, had just comprehended what was going on; "it is a sound principle of law"—and the general advanced to the front of the saloon with uplifted finger—"that a judge cannot be called to account in private life for acts done upon the judicial seat; he ermined robes protect him; there is a dignity that doth hedge a judge."

"I reckon that the major don't sit in judgment here!" exclaimed Montana, shortly, interrupting the old lawyer.

"Eight, my young friend with the hirsute ornaments!" returned the general; "in private life a judge is but a man, and, as a man, must answer for his words and acts."

"Sartin' sure, let 'em fit!" demanded the bullwhacker. "He sed he had no fun in him; let him try it on and see how it is himself!"

"Retract or fight!" was Montana's curt and aggressive call.

"And if I refuse to do either?" queried the major, loftily.

"Why, I'll force you to; I'll smack you across the face with my hand the first time I meet you, and, in addition, I'll post you through the whole town as a coward, who is brave enough to assail a man behind his back, but who fears to make good his words to his face!"

The soldier uttered a cry of rage; it was very evident that he was frugally excited.

"You shall have what you seek!" he cried.

"I'll save the hangman a fit!"

"Oh, keep your temper!" Montana retorted;

"you are a disgrace to the uniform you wear,

and I reckon that you never came to your rank by fair means, anyhow."

"It's to be a fight, then?" John Brown asked.

"Of course!" Bludso cried; "don't you see that both on 'em are spilin' fur it? Oh, my everlasting' gizzard! I'll bet any mule in my team that it will be sudden death when they git at it!"

"That's a bright moon outside, and I'll fix the thing, if both on you will be so kind and obliging as to step outside and settle it, instead of spilin' my plunder!" the landlord remarked.

"All right," Montana assented.

"I am satisfied," the major added.

"The major is to leave here first and take his position at the post-office, right in the middle of the street; then Montana is to march down a hundred paces. When you are both in position, I'll warn the folks to keep out of the way and give the signal to fire by counting one, two, three, fire! You kin advance at one and fire at three. I spose that neither one on you want a stopping time fixed!" and old Brown looked inquiringly at the soldier as he asked the question.

"No, time enough to stop when one of us is disabled!" answered Germaine, fiercely.

"All right; turn out then, boys, for the shootin'-match, and pass the word to clear the street!" Brown commanded.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### RETRACT OR FIGHT.

GERMAINE had thrust his revolver half-way back into its holster, but with the defiance so boldly uttered by the miner again he drew forth the weapon; the major had little cause to fear that Montana's strong right hand clasped securely the butt of the self-cocker, and that long before he could have raised the hammer of his weapon, Montana's bullet would have pierced him through and through.

Lucky was it then for Major Germaine that old John Brown interfered to stay the strife.

"Hold on, major; quit fingerin' that we-

pon, or by the holy smoke! I'll put a ball plumb through you!" the landlord yelled; and there was no mistaking old Brown's determination.

That he would be as good as his word not a man within the room doubted.

"Oh, let 'em shoot!" the boss bullwhacker howled, at the top of his lungs. "Wot kind o' hairpin air you, anyway, old Brown, to split the fun? I'll bet fourteend thousand dollars that both on 'em misses the fust beat, an' that two outside coons, wid no consarn in the b'ilin', gits it!"

"I am insulted!" the soldier cried, in a great rage.

"I reckon that you commenced the fuss, major," old John Brown answered. The commander of the post was no favorite among the men of Deadwood. To use the expressions common among the miners, "he was too fresh" "put on too much style!" acted as if he was the boss of the town! To sum all up in a single sentence, the jealousy and ill-feeling which generally exist in a fortified town between the garrison and the inhabitants were pretty strong in Deadwood. The soldiers looked upon the miners as

## CHURCH RULES FOR LADIES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Dress hard all morning, such is fate,  
Then enter church some minutes late.  
All eyes will then be turned on you,  
And will observe your bonnet new.  
Let humble modesty wreath your face,  
And take your seat with faultless grace.  
Let all your thoughts be fixed on high,  
And rearrange your cardinal tie.  
Think how religion's prone to bless,  
And criticize your neighbor's dress.  
Let all your heart be filled with praise,  
And notice Mrs. Miggie's lace.  
Put from your mind all thoughts of sin,  
And readjust your diamond-pin.  
Think of how good religion proves,  
And then smooth out your buttoned gloves.  
Catch well the precepts as they fall,  
And smooth the wrinkles in your shawl.  
Think of the sinner's fearful fate,  
And notice if your bonnet's straight.  
Pray for the influence divine,  
That lady's basque, mark the design.  
Let tender peace possess your heart,  
And criticize that bat behind.  
Reflect on Christian grace dear,  
And fix those curls beside your ear.  
Let your heart warm with silent prayer,  
And view that horrid green silk there.  
Reflect upon the wicked's ways.  
See if your gold chain's out of place.  
Think of the peace the good shall find,  
And wonder who are sitting behind.  
Think of the burdens Christians bear,  
And notice those strange ladies there.  
Humble in spirit strive to feel,  
And wonder if that lace is real.  
The last words hear with contrite heart,  
And fix your pull-back when you start.

## Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,  
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASO," "THE  
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XL

WHAT did Pawnee-Killer want with Custer? It soon came out that he asked for another talk with the Big Chief, and came to propose a meeting in sight of the two forces by the river-bank, to which each person should be entitled to bring only six companions. Custer at once consented, but, suspecting treachery, ordered a whole squadron to be ready, mounted, just outside of the camp, awaiting the signal of the bugle to charge, full speed.

Then, with five officers and a bugler, he went down to the bank to meet Pawnee-Killer. Every man of the party had his revolver stuck loosely in his belt, and had his hand on it all through the interview, a precaution soon found to be very necessary.

Pawnee-Killer came swaggering in, with seven chiefs, instead of six, and opened the conversation by shaking hands, with a sonorous "How?" Then all the chiefs went through the same operation, and the talk commenced through an interpreter.

Pawnee-Killer wanted to know how long the soldiers were going to stay, and whether he couldn't get some more coffee and sugar out of the Big Chief, that was all.

As soon as Custer could command his face, for he could not help laughing at the outrageous coolness of the Indian, he angrily retorted by asking how the chief dared to try and steal his horses that morning.

Pawnee-Killer took matters very coolly. He thought it was hardly worth disputing about. He wanted to know how long the soldiers would stay there, as they disturbed the buffaloes. Any coffee and sugar to spare?

Custer returned a decided negative. Wanted to know when Pawnee-Killer would come into the fort, as he had promised.

Pawnee-Killer couldn't say. Sometime, by-and-by. Wasn't he could go at all, unless he got some coffee and sugar.

The other bank was lined with Indians, loafing around, and just then one of them came wading over the stream, and walked up to Custer, to shake hands and say "How." Several more were preparing to follow, and Custer realized that treachery was intended.

He turned to Pawnee-Killer, and pointed to the bugler.

"Just order your men back, chief," he said, in English, "or my man will blow his trumpet, and bring down all my soldiers."

As he spoke the bugler, an intelligent fellow, raised his bugle to sound, and Pawnee-Killer looked disturbed. It was clear the chief understood English. Without waiting for the interpreter, he ordered his men back, and began to withdraw sulkily.

"White chief, big fool!" was his parting greeting, as he waded into the river, and Custer mounted his horse and rode back. The young General had learned his second lesson in Indian warfare. After that he never indulged in talks with hostile chiefs, unless he felt sure he had the whip-hand of them. Pawnee-Killer had given him his last instructions in treachery, and he never trusted an Indian again.

The whole of the Seventh Cavalry was therefore mounted, and started to attack Pawnee-Killer and his band. As soon as the chief saw Custer was in earnest he fled with all his men, though they were more than half as numerous again as the regiment; and before half an hour was over not an Indian was to be seen. The rapidity with which they vanished was surprising to Custer at the time, but in after years he found the secret to be very simple.

Every Indian, going to war, takes two ponies, at least, one to travel with, one to fight from. On these he carries nothing. The soldiers have only one horse apiece on which to follow, and each horse is loaded down with clothes and forage and provisions. Every few miles the Indians can change horses; so there is no wonder that he goes the fastest. Being in their own country, too, the Indians can scatter and hide, which the whites cannot do without getting into trouble.

Of this last maneuver they had a notable instance that very afternoon. Custer returned to camp after a fruitless chase, and very soon more Indians came in sight on the opposite side to that on which they were spied in the morning. There were only about twenty, and Custer sent out a troop of fifty men to chase them off. The Indians moved slowly off, and the troop followed, and scattered, as the Indians scattered.

No sooner were the two parties of soldiers about a mile apart than at least a hundred In-

came out of the numerous narrow ravines, hid in the prairie, and galloped down on the small-est of the parties.

The officer in command at once dismounted three out of every four men, had the horses led in a little column in the middle, deployed his dismounted men in a circle of skirmishers, and so fought his way back to camp.

Had the Indians been white troops, they would have charged and ridden right over the little band; but, being Indians, they had their peculiar weakness, which is this: they cannot stand a close fight where they must lose men. They always try to kill their enemies without losing any of their own warriors, and that makes them cowardly in some things, while they are brave in others. So they kept circling round the little troop at full speed, shooting away and hardly ever hitting anything, while the soldiers, firing slowly, from the ground, managed to kill two Indians and wound two others, before they reached camp. The other party was not attacked.

Some days after, Custer's wagon-train, which he had sent to Fort Wallace under a guard of fifty men, to get provisions for a longer scout, was attacked by seven hundred Indians, who fought in just the same way, circling round and round. The officer in command saved his men in just the same way as the first-mentioned had done, by putting his horses in the middle, between two columns of wagons, and deploying his dismounted skirmishers all round the train. He also beat off the Indians: so that in this campaign Custer and the Seventh Cavalry found out a good deal about how to fight Indians, a lesson of which they often afterward availed themselves. They learned that they could not successfully fight mounted, for the Indians could outride the soldiers, and the Indian ponies never got scared, while their own big horses soon became unmanageable. So they always, after that, fought on foot, round their horses, whenever they got into a tight place among Indians, and always found the plan work well.

Soon after these events, Custer proceeded on his long scout, and marched out of the Indian country, nearer the settlements. Here he got into fresh troubles, from another source. His men began to desert, not one or two, but ten or a dozen at a time, and at last he found out that there was a plot for more than half the regiment to desert in a body.

One afternoon, after a march, when the horses were grazing, a party of fifteen soldiers started out in broad daylight, before their officers' faces, mounted and armed, and determined to desert. Only the guard in camp had saddled horses, and these at once pursued the deserters, one of whom was shot dead, another wounded, some more being taken prisoners. This sudden and severe treatment cowed the men, and there were no more desertions, but the result of the difficulty was much trouble for Custer, as we shall soon hear.

He pursued his march to Fort Wallace, covering on the way the victims of a terrible Indian massacre. A young officer named Lieutenant Kidder, who was searching for Custer himself, with dispatches from General Sherman, had been caught by Pawnee-Killer's band, and killed, with every member of his party. Custer found their bodies, all stripped, and so hacked to pieces by the Indians that not one could be recognized. Such a horrible sight is never seen outside of an Indian battlefield, and Custer never forgot it. He little thought that the day would come when he and the flower of his officers and men would be found in the same condition.

He pursued his march to Fort Wallace, finding the Indians all gone out of the country; and then the question remained what next to do. The original orders for the scout were to return from Fort Wallace to Fort Hays, whence Custer first started, but the horses of the regiment were too much exhausted to march together, and the provisions and forage at Fort Wallace were found to be so bad that the men were falling sick. So Custer decided to leave the main body of his regiment there, take the best men and horses, and march to Fort Hays himself, to see General Hancock, whence he could send back good provisions for his men.

He made a march of one hundred and fifty miles in two days and a half, reaching Fort Hays, but found neither provisions nor Hancock there. Hearing that General Hancock was at Fort Harker, sixty miles off, he determined to push on with one or two officers and men, leaving his escort behind, for the road was no longer dangerous. In twelve hours more he was at Fort Harker, and found, to his surprise, that the Kansas Pacific Road had been finished to that post, which was now a railway station. There was no Hancock there either, however, no one but Custer's own colonel, old General A. J. Smith, who commanded the department.

From him Custer learned that Hancock had given up the campaign and retired to Fort Leavenworth, too far off to be followed, while active movements had been stopped for the year. General Smith gave Custer permission to send back the wagon-train to be of itself a passport of success to her, who was Miss Rayner's keenest admirer, and in all probability, her heiress.

Last, and best, there would be no rivalry, because Miss Rayner herself was that odious thing—an old maid—a real old maid past thirty-six, who of course would be only too glad to have Maggie bring gay young company to her elegant, lonely house, unless, indeed, her mature, perhaps withered charms, would appear to very ill advantage beside Maggie's bloom.

So, armed for the conquest, Maggie went to the city, as pretty, as fair, as girlish, in her traveling costume of silver gray, as she could make herself, and feeling brimful of a pleasurable excitement as she leaned back in the elegant little chocolate-lined coupe her aunt had sent to the depot to meet her, and whose coachman in livery had touched his hat to her with as much respect as though she had been a princess, and inquired if "this was Miss Marguerite Rayner?"

Miss Marguerite Rayner, with the accent on the last syllable so decidedly that Maggie was in a state of delectation, and mentally vowed that no one should ever call her "Margret," as they did at home, again.

At the door of a magnificent brown stone front, that seemed to her an array of plate-glass and lace and hot-house flowers, another servant admitted her, and led the way up the velvet-covered stairs to her aunt's boudoir, and then Maggie saw, to her surprise, that although Miss Rayner was undoubtedly a score of years her senior, she was still the handsomest, most stylish lady she had ever seen as she came forward and greeted the girl.

"So this is little Marguerite, little Daisy Rayner! My darling, I am very glad to see you. You are a veritable little fresh flower—little daisy, and I shall call you so, may I?"

And alone in the gorgeous little room assigned to her, silly Maggie sighed and wondered how in the world it could be that an old maid could be so elegant and low-voiced, and gracious-mannered.

dent to send Custer back to the plains, to show the officers how to fight Indians.

The same day the order arrived from Washington, and Custer started for the West, arriving at Fort Hays the last day of September, 1868, to meet General Sheridan.

He found everything in the department in a bustle, for Sheridan had determined on something never known on the plains before his time. This was a winter campaign against the Indians, and it was to lead this campaign that he wanted Custer.

It was now, that Custer approached the grandest and most successful time of his Indian career. Sheridan's reasons for a winter campaign were founded on common sense.

In the summer, the soldiers could not catch the Indians, who had plenty of ponies, fat with grass, and as much game as they could shoot. In the winter, it was different. The troops could carry along wagon-loads of oats and feed their horses, while the Indian ponies could only be kept alive down in the hollows of streams, where there were enough cottonwood trees for the animals to feed on the bark.

As it was, the poor creatures were miserably thin, and quite unable to march far, so that if the tribe was found, it was probable the soldiers could catch them. For these reasons, Custer was to take out the Seventh Cavalry as soon as the winter set in, to hunt Indians.

We shall see how he succeeded.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

But while she was changing her traveling-dress for a blue silk dinner-dress, and having the French maid rearrange her long golden hair, and listening to the oily, fulsome compliments on it, and her beauty generally, Maggie recovered her spirits, and registered anew her vow to create a sensation, and went down to dinner quite satisfied that no matter how elegant and self-possessed and rich her aunt was, she was an old maid after all, while she herself was a young, new beauty of seventeen.

It was a perfect little gem of a house, furnished almost regardless of expense from attic to basement.

There was a white-purple, delightful old lady, whom Miss Rayner introduced as, "Mrs. Jeffreys, my dear friend and companion"; there were the trained servants in the Rayner livery, there was the crest of the family on everything—everything was grand and august well for the success Maggie intended, for the appearance on the scene of lovers by the dozen, and the one imperial prince who should raise her to an equal height, socially, with aunt Margaret.

There were matinees, and drives, and promenades, and shopping tours, all as Maggie had expected. There were visitors to whom she was introduced, young gentlemen who glanced admiringly at her pearly cheeks and blue eyes, who talked to her awhile, and then somehow somebody else took their places.

There were receptions and dances, where she had partners, and where another girl would have had a grand good time, but the wonderful sensation was not created, somehow, for all her charming toilets, and faultless coiffures, and Miss Rayner's gracious patronage.

Until—

It was a red-letter day to Maggie, that lovely Saturday afternoon when the very handsome, the most elegant gentleman she had ever seen, or even imagined, came up to her and her aunt as they were getting in their carriage at Central Park, after a brisk little walk in the cold, clear air.

Not a young man, but so much more splendid than a young man ever could have been, and who had evidently joined their little party for the express purpose of introduction to her—she knew that, because he and Aunt Margaret had exchanged a few words she had not caught, and then her aunt smilingly presented him.

This is Mr. Alberton, Daisy, dear, a very great friend of mine. Mr. Alberton, my niece, Miss Rayner.

He looked at her so admiringly, and he had such magnificent dark eyes, and such an easy, languid grace, and such a heavy, drooping black mustache, and Maggie decided at once that the conquering and to-be-conquered prince had come, that his admiring glance meant love at first sight, and that "the rest," whatever that was, was simply a question of time.

It was a delightful drive home, with Mr. Winfield Alberton devoting himself to her in an elegant way, and being so deeply interested, and treating aunt Margaret so nicely, for all Maggie knew he would have preferred a *tete-a-tete* drive.

Arrived at home, Miss Rayner invited him to dinner, and Maggie flew off to her room to cry with rage and shame until she gave herself such a headache that it was a good excuse to go home the next day.

Mr. Winfield Alberton was a thorough gentleman and kept his own counsel, so that no one ever was the wiser for Maggie's foolishness and vanity, but it was years before she ever found courage to visit the happily married pair, and although she was not able to laugh over her silly indiscretion, as her uncle had prophesied, the results of its discipline were charmingly apparent in her lovely culture and refinement and modesty.

beside him, laughing and chatting in her most agreeable manner, and flushing and sparkling under his admiring glances.

Then, it occurred to her that here was her grand chance, here the fate-favored opportunity in which to show Mr. Alberton that despite aunt Margaret's stupid surveillance she—Maggie—had not been slow in learning that she was loved.

She raised her pretty, sparkling face to his as they walked cozily along through Union Square.

"I am so glad I happened to meet you; it is so pleasant to have an occasional *tete-a-tete* chat, isn't it?"

Mr. Alberton looked at her eager, pretty face, and smiled, and assured her it was very pleasant.

"Not that I don't think all the world of aunt Margaret, you know, but then she has such a funny way—all old maids do, I suppose, and—"

Mr. Alberton looked surprised.

"I am afraid I don't quite understand your meaning, Daisy; but you don't call Miss Rayner an old maid, do you?"

"Why, don't you? Of course it is perfectly lovely in you to be such good friends with her, but really, once in a while, I think it wouldn't hurt her to give us a chance by ourselves, and—"

This time Mr. Alberton looked both surprised and indignant.

"I really am at a loss to know what you mean. I certainly think your aunt has been remarkably kind and hospitable to you, and that you should not repay her by any such imputation. She is a most lovely, charming woman, and you certainly cannot have heard her as promised to be my wife quite soon?"

Maggie gave a little gasp of amazement.

"What—*aunt Margaret*?"

He smiled as he read her very thoughts.

"Yes, *aunt Margaret*. We have been betrothed a year or more, and she naturally asked me to do what I could to make you enjoy yourself while with her, and I hope I have. We will both forget this silly little episode, and when you get as old as your auntie, Daisy, you will laugh to think of it, and wonder as that was, what I was in—"

He flushed a trifle, then became very grave, and they went in at Miss Rayner's front door, and Maggie flew off to her room to cry with rage and shame until she gave herself such a headache that it was a good excuse to go home the next day.

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## Beat Time's Notes.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUISITOR. Yes, there are two sides to every question; you have one side of yours and that is the wrong side.

JOHN. A man with a troubled conscience will not sleep well. Blessed is the man who hasn't any at all.

SCIENCE. Newton first discovered that an apple would fall to the ground if it let go of the limb. No one knew it before.

NEATNESS. Perhaps the best method to clean your teeth is to take a mouthful of soft soap and a handful of sand and scrub with a house broom.

SHAVER. The barber certainly is a man of very keen edges, somewhat cutting, and besides is a strapping fellow. He is without a doubt the combing man.

MADAM. You can remove ink stains from your carpet on a wheelbarrow after you once get them loose; this will tax your ingenuity